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From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE AGED DISCIPLE COMFORTING.

FEAR not, my son; these terrors are from God.

Hast thou not heard how, when Elijah stood
On Horeb, waiting while the Lord passed by,
Before the still, small voice, there came a blast
That rent those ancient mountains: after the
wind

An earthquake, after that again a fire?
Ay, when Christ visits first a sinful heart,
The devils that abide there shake with fear;
Who can abide his coming?

I remember,
(How could I not?) that, in his days of flesh,
We—even we, who called ourselves his friends—
As little knew him as dost thou to-day.

In a dark night we sailed upon the lake,
Alone, not knowing where our Master was.
The night was dark, and dark our lonely hearts;
A moon there was, but low, and blurred with
clouds;

Only upon the horizon lay a line,
A level line of light, which, near and far,
Marked the black outline of the eastern hills.

Stern was our toil, with every art we had
To speed our vessel; for the breeze had sunk,
Or only came by snatches—till the rain—
Then flashed the incessant lightnings, then the
hills

Rang, roared, as though the thunder shattered
them;

Then surged the waves against the opposite wind,
Battled our useless cordage, rent our sail,

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Rent, flapping in the tempest, and his might
Seized on our boat, and drove it at his will.

No man was free from fear; we knew too well
Those treacherous waves; and He, whose master
voice

Had laid them cowering at his feet, like dogs,
Where was He now?—In some lone mountain
wood

He communed with his Father and the angels,
And knew not that we perished there alone.

Alas! far otherwise when in the stern
He slept, amid the hubbub of the storm,
As if on priceless couches, in the pomp
Of Herod's palace; now He was afar,
Each of us felt the terror of the night,
And each one acted as his nature was.

One fell to prayer; one muttered instant
vows;

Another lay and wept aloud; some few
Deemed that the gale was transient, and sat still
Watching their idle nets; some, bolder, strove
To save the canvas, and the laboring mast.

Among the band were two, forever first;
One was a reverend man of ripening years,
Whose steel-gray beard fell on his fisher's coat,
Even to his belt; the other was a youth,
Whose face, made ruddy by the genial suns
Of five-and-twenty summers, always shone
A God-wove banner of celestial love.

These two were working still, to save the ship,
When the cry rose, "A spirit!" There it walked,
Or seemed to walk, the waters, and drew near.
Then he that wore the fisher's coat cried out;
"If not to be afraid be brave," he said,
"When fear were preservation, be not bold;

What men could do, we have done ; now let be,
Lest haply we be found to fight with God."
Thus spake he ; but we lay down, motionless,
Struck by despair, and waited for our end ;
Only the young man bared his trusting brow.
Then spake the Form majestic :

" It is I,
Be of good cheer ;" and then we knew our Lord,
And took him up into the ship with us,
And fell before him worshipping, and said,
" Ah, doubt is dead ; ah, blessed Son of God !"
Thus scant of faith were we, and ignorant
That he was with us, when we saw him not,
Or deemed him but some spirit of evil, sent
To make complete the horrors of the night.

Our hearts calmed with the waters, we were
saved,
And knew our Master's power, and blessed his
love,
And lo ! were landed at the wished-for shore.

H. G. K.

AUTUMN WOODS.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

ERE, in the northern gale,
The summer tresses of the trees are gone,
The woods of Autumn, all around our vale,
Have put their glory on.

The mountains that infold,
In their wide sweep, the colored landscape
round,
Seem groups of giant kings, in purple and gold,
That guard the enchanted ground.

I roam the woods that crown
The upland, where the mingled splendors glow,
Where the gay company of trees look down
On the green fields below.

My steps are not alone
In these bright walks ; the sweet south-west, at
play,
Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves are
strown
Along the winding way.

And far in heaven, the while,
The sun, that sends that gale to wander here,
Pours out on the far earth his quiet smile —
The sweetest of the year.

Where now the solemn shade,
Verdure and gloom where many branches meet ;
So grateful, when the noon of summer made
The valleys sick with heat !

Let in through all the trees
Come the strange rays ; the forest depths are
bright ;
Their sunny-colored foliage, in the breeze,
Twinkles, like beams of light.

The rivulet, late unseen,
Where bickering through the shrubs its waters
run,
Shines with the image of its golden screen,
And glimmerings of the sun.

But 'neath yon crimson tree
Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,
Nor mark, within its roseate canopy,
Her blush of maiden shame.

O, Autumn ! why so soon
Depart the hues that made thy forests glad ;
Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noon,
And leave thee wild and sad !

Ah ! 't were a lot too blessed
Forever in thy colored shades to stray ;
Amid the kisses of the soft south-west
To rove and dream for aye ;

And leave the vain low strife
That makes men mad — the tug for wealth and
power,
The passions and the cares that wither life,
And waste its little hour.

From Household Words.

GONE !

I HAVE the letter yet, Minnie,
You sent the very day
That gave your first-born to your arms,
And I was far away.
I saw through every trembling line
How precious was the boy,
How pleasure shook the weakened hand
That wrote to wish me joy.

Of all thy mother's little ones,
The plaything and the pet,
Poor children, lovingly they come
To rock the cradle yet ;
And, knowing not how sound his sleep,
All arts to wake him try.
Alas ! from so much love, Minnie,
To think that he should die !

Look at the small pure hand, Minnie,
So motionless in mine,
I used to let it, soft and warm,
About my finger twine.
And as it fastened in my heart
That slight uncertain hold,
Its touch will linger on my hand
Till my hand too is cold.

Our bridal day ; that summer day
Dost thou remember now ?
Joy's blossoms were unsullied then
As those about thy brow.
Thank God ! I have my fair bride still ;
And, by thy loving eye,
Thou wouldst not give me up, Minnie,
E'en that he might not die.

A Heaven of safety and repose ;
Ah ! should we wish him back
From its clear lights and thornless flowers
To tread life's dusty track.
Think what a radiant little one
Shall meet us by-and-by.
And yet that he should die, Minnie —
Alas, that he should die !

From Chambers' Repository.

THE OLD WITCHCRAFTS.

In the present day,* we look back with a degree of wonder on the belief in witchcraft, which may be said to have formed an article of religious faith in every European country throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. A notion was universally entertained that the devil and subordinate evil spirits, in pursuance of their malevolent ends, went about, sometimes in visible shape, seducing poor human nature. To gain their wicked designs, they were supposed to tempt men, but more particularly aged women, by conferring on them supernatural powers; as, for example, that of riding through the air, and operating vengefully and secretly on the health and happiness of those against whom they had any real or imaginary cause of offence. Such "trafficking with the powers of darkness," as it was technically called, was witchcraft, and, according both to the letter of scripture and of the civil law, was a crime punishable with death. Like all popular manias, the witchcraft delusion had its paroxysms. It rose, existed for a time with great energy, then declined into insignificance. What was exceedingly remarkable, the frenzy never lacked victims; it followed the well-known law of supply and demand. As soon as witches were in request, they made their appearance. Any severe denunciation, followed by a rigorous scrutiny, brought them prominently into notice. Nor, what was still more curious, did the newly-discovered witches in all cases deny the accusations against them. Many acknowledged, with a species of pride, that they had entered into a compact with the devil. They seem, on occasions, to have gloried in being the objects of so much interest, and hastened to confess, although death at the stake or on the gallows was the consequence. It must be considered as in some degree explanatory of this self-condemnation, that torture was always at hand to enforce confession; and as there was little chance, therefore, of escape after accusation, the wish to die on the speediest terms had probably no small share in inducing the alleged witches to boast of their mysterious crimes. In the majority of cases, however, there was a stout denial; but this generally served no good purpose, and we are painfully assured that many thousands of individuals, in almost every country, were sacrificed as victims to the petty spite and vengeance of accusers. At the height of the successive paroxysms, no one, whatever his rank or character, was safe

from an accusation of trafficking with evil spirits. If he lived a profligate life, he was of course chargeable with the offence; if he lived quietly and unobtrusively, and was seemingly pious in character, he was only hypocritically concealing his diabolical practices; if he had acquired wealth somewhat rapidly, that was a sure sign of his guilt; and if he was poor, there was the greater reason for believing that he was in league with the devil to become rich. There was only one means of escaping suspicion, and that was to become an accuser. The choice was before every man and woman, of acting the part of accusers, or of being themselves accused. The result may be anticipated. Perceiving the tremendous danger of affecting to disbelieve witchcraft, people readily assumed the proper degree of credulity; and, to mark their detestation of the crime, as well as secure themselves from attack, they hastened to denounce acquaintances and neighbors. Nothing could be more easy than to do so in a manner perfectly satisfactory. Pretending to fall sick, or go into convulsions, or to have a strange pain in some part of the body or limbs, people were doubtless bewitched! Any sudden storm at sea, causing the wreck of vessels, was another evidence that witches were concerned; and so far did these allegations descend, that even so small a matter as a failure in churning milk for butter was a sure sign of diabolical agency. On the occasion of every unforeseen catastrophe, therefore, on the occurrence of any unaccountable malady, the question was immediately agitated—Who was the witch! Then was the time for querulous old men or women in the neighborhood to tremble. Long suspected of carrying on a correspondence with demons, they were seized and brought to trial. The accusations, as is now clearly understood, were for the most part spiteful, or wantonly mischievous. In making these charges and testifying to them, children and young women appear to have in many places excelled: the probability being that, besides a mere spirit of mischief, they enjoyed amusement from the consternation they were able to produce.

Strange how all this prejudice, imposture, and cruelty, should have received the solemn sanction of the most learned and devout men—clergymen of every degree, from popes to presbyters; kings, legislators, and judges; and private citizens of every quality and profession! The folly, while it lasted, was complete.

It only excites the greater horror to know that the belief in witchcraft—essentially mean and vulgar in all its details—has been a reproach to religious profession; and that, while seemingly founded on scriptural authority, it really rested, in its main features, on the visionary superstitions of the pagan world.

* Not that we have any reason to think the world has grown wiser. For proof of the contrary it is only necessary to remember what kind of people, in 1852 and 3, believed in spiritual rappings and table turnings!—*Living Age*.

Historians make it clear to the understanding that the popular fancy respecting the bodily aspect of the great Spirit of Evil is drawn from the description of satyrs in the heathen mythology—a malicious monster, with the hide, horns, tail, and cloven feet of a beast of the field, which roamed about in the dark or in retired places, performing idle and wicked tricks, and undoing schemes of benevolence. Sometimes, as was alleged, this great enemy of man assumed disguises that were exceedingly difficult to penetrate. It is recorded by an author of talent that the devil once delivered a course of lectures on magic, at Salamanca, habited in a professor's gown and wig. Even Luther entertained similar notions about the fiend; and in fact thought so meanly of him, as to believe that he could come by night and steal nuts, and that he cracked them against the bedposts, for the solacement of his monkey-like appetite.

That the delusion originated, to a great degree, in a misconception of the real purport of allusions to the so-called witchcraft in various parts of the Old Testament, is now universally acknowledged. By biblical critics, as we understand, the term, translated *witch*, properly signifies a person who, by vile deceptions practised on popular credulity, and by means of poisoning, accomplished certain wicked designs. "Leaving," as Sir Walter Scott remarks, "the further discussion of this dark and difficult question to those whose studies have qualified them to give judgment on so obscure a subject, it so far appears clear that the Witch of Endor was not a being such as those believed in by our ancestors, who could transform themselves and others into the appearance of the lower animals, raise and allay tempests, frequent the company and join the revels of evil spirits, and, by their counsel and assistance, destroy human lives, and waste the fruits of the earth, or perform feats of such magnitude as to alter the face of nature. The Witch of Endor was a mere fortune-teller, to whom, in despair of all aid or answer from the Almighty, the unfortunate king of Israel had recourse in his despair, and by whom, in some way or other, he obtained the awful certainty of his own defeat and death. She was liable, indeed deservedly, to the punishment of death, for intruding herself upon the task of the real prophets, by whom the will of God was, in that time, regularly made known. But her existence and her crimes can go no length to prove the possibility that another class of witches, no otherwise resembling her than as called by the same name, either existed at a more recent period, or were liable to the same capital punishment, for a very different and much more doubtful class of offences, which, however odious, are nevertheless to be proved

possible before they can be received as a criminal charge."*

Originating in ignorance, a love of the marvellous, along with the religious misconceptions to which we have referred, a belief in witchcraft may be traced through the early ages of Christianity; but the modern prevalence of the delusion may be said to date from the promulgation of an edict of Pope Innocent VIII., in 1484, declaring witchcraft to be a crime punishable with death. This fixed the subject deeply in the public mind, and the effect was deepened by the prosecution of witches which followed. It is a curious law of human nature, of which we have seen many modern illustrations, that even crimes, real or imputed, when they excite much public attention, tend to produce repetitions of themselves. In this way, offences sometimes assume a character approaching that of epidemic diseases. It was found, as has been remarked, that the more energy there was displayed in seeking out and prosecuting witches, the more apparent occasion for such prosecutions was presented. In 1515, during the space of three months, 500 witches were burned in Geneva; in a single year, in the diocese of Como, in the north of Italy, 1000 were executed; and it is related that, altogether, more than 100,000 individuals perished in Germany before the general mania terminated. In France, the belief in witchcraft led to a remarkable variety of superstition, known in French law as *lycanthropy*, or the transformation of a witch into a wolf. It was currently believed, by all classes, that witches assumed at pleasure the wolfish form in order to work mischief—by ravaging flocks of sheep. Many unfortunate persons, the victims of petty prejudice, were tried and executed for this imaginary crime. At length, by an edict of Louis XIV., all future proceedings on the score of witchcraft were prohibited; and from that time no more was heard of village dames assuming the forms and habits of wolves.

In England, to which we now turn, a belief in witchcraft was of as respectable antiquity as on the continent of Europe, and, as elsewhere, drew particular attention in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, at which period the public mind was deeply affected with religious distractions. Witchcraft, though always penal, now became the subject of the express statutes of Henry VII., 1541, Elizabeth, 1562, and also of James I. This latter monarch, who, we shall afterwards see, was a great witch-fancier while in Scotland, brought with him to England a keen sense of the duty of finding out and punishing all sorts of diablery. The act passed in the first year

* *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft.*

of his reign in England, defines the crime with a degree of minuteness worthy of the adept from whose pen it undoubtedly proceeded. "Any one that shall use, practise, or exercise any invocation of any evil or wicked spirit, or consult or covenant with, entertain or employ, feed or reward, any evil or wicked spirit, *to or for ANY purpose*; or take up any dead man, &c. &c. &c.; such offenders, duly and lawfully convicted and attainted, shall suffer death." We have here witchcraft first distinctly made, of itself, a capital crime. Many years had not passed away after the passing of this statute, ere the delusion, which had heretofore committed but occasional and local mischief, became an epidemical frenzy, devastating every corner of England. Leaving out of sight single executions, we find such wholesale murders as the following in abundance on the record:—In 1612, twelve persons were condemned at once at Lancaster, and many more in 1613, when the whole kingdom rang with the fame of the "Lancashire witches;" in 1622, six at York; in 1634, seventeen in Lancashire; in 1644, sixteen at Yarmouth; in 1645, fifteen at Chelmsford; and in 1645 and 1646, sixty persons perished in Suffolk, and nearly an equal number, at the same time, in Huntingdon. These are but a few selected cases. The poor creatures who usually composed these ill-fated bands are thus described by an able observer:—"An old woman with a wrinkled face, a furred brow, a hairy lip, a gobber tooth, a squint eye, a squeaking voice, or a scolding tongue, having a ragged coat on her back, a spindle in her hand, and a dog by her side—a wretched, infirm, and impotent creature, pelted and persecuted by all the neighborhood, because the farmer's cart had stuck in the gateway, or some idle boy had pretended to spit needles and pins for the sake of a holiday from school or work"—such were the poor unfortunates selected to undergo the last tests and tortures sanctioned by the laws, and which tests were of a nature so severe, that no one would have dreamed of inflicting them on the vilest of murderers. They were administered by a class of wretches, who, with one Matthew Hopkins at their head, sprung up in England in the middle of the seventeenth century, and took the professional name of *witch-finders*. The practices of the monster Hopkins, who, with his assistants, moved from place to place in the regular and authorized pursuit of his trade, will give a full idea of the tests referred to, as well as of the horrible fruits of the witchcraft frenzy in general. From each town which he visited, Hopkins exacted the stated fee of twenty shillings, and, in consideration thereof, he cleared the locality of all suspected persons, bringing them to confession and the stake in the following manner:—He stripped them naked, shaved them, and thrust

pins into their bodies, to discover the witch's mark; he wrapped them in sheets, with the great toes and thumbs tied together, and dragged them through ponds or rivers, when, if they sunk, it was held as a sign that the baptismal element did not reject them, and they were cleared; but if they floated, as they usually would do for a time, they were then set down as guilty, and doomed. He kept them fasting and awake, and sometimes incessantly walking, for twenty-four or forty-eight hours, as an inducement to confession; and, in short, practised on the accused such abominable cruelties, that they were glad to escape from life by confession. If a witch could not shed tears at command, said the further items of this wretch's creed, or if she hesitated at a single word in repeating the Lord's Prayer, she was in league with the Evil One. The results of these and such-like tests were actually and universally admitted as evidence by the administrators of the law, who, acting upon them, condemned all such as had the amazing constancy to hold out against the tortures inflicted. Few gave the courts that trouble. Butler has described Hopkins in his *Hudibras*, as one

Fully empowered to treat about
Finding revolted witches out.
And has he not, within this year,
Hanged *threescore* of them in one shire?
Some only for not being drowned,
And some for sitting above ground.

After he had murdered hundreds, and pursued his trade for many years (from 1644 downwards), the tide of popular opinion finally turned against Hopkins, and he was subjected, by a party of indignant experimenters, to his own favorite test of swimming. It is said that he escaped with life, but from that time forth he was never heard of again.

A belief in witchcraft, however, still continued virulent in England, and was argumentatively supported by grave and pious men. The grounds of credibility do not seem to have been earnestly investigated. Richard Baxter, who wrote in 1651, founds his opinion of the truth of witchcraft on the fact that many persons had been tried and put to death for the crime. It did not occur to him to inquire whether the imputed crime were well or ill founded. Such was the loose reasoning that prevailed in England and elsewhere in the seventeenth century. Witchcraft was a truth, because everybody had acted upon the conviction of its being a truth! How has the progress of society, with the reign of peace and good-will on earth, been retarded by this accommodating method of argument!

It is an undoubted fact, however to be accounted for or palliated, that during the troublous seventeenth century, prosecutions for witchcraft were prominent in some pro-

portion to the ascendancy of the Puritanic cause. While, as during the time of the civil war and commonwealth, the ruling powers acted under strong religious impulses, the scriptural maxim of "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live" had the force of a commandment. In a time of indifference, as in the reign of Charles II., rulers were disposed, so far as popular prepossessions would permit, to let these poor old creatures cheaply off. The era of the Long Parliament was that during which the witch mania attained its growth. *Three thousand persons* are said to have perished during the continuance of the sittings of that body, by legal executions, independently of summary deaths at the hands of the mob. With the Restoration came a relaxation, but not a cessation, of this severity. One noted case occurred in 1664, when the enlightened and just Sir Matthew Hale tried and condemned two women, Amy Dunny and Rose Callender, at St. Edmondsbury, for bewitching children, and other, similar offences. Some of the items of the charge may be mentioned. Being capriciously refused some herrings, which they desired to purchase, the two old women expressed themselves in impatient language, and a child of the herring-dealer soon afterwards fell ill — in consequence. A carter drove his wagon against the cottage of Amy Dunny, and drew from her some not unnatural oburgations; immediately after which, the vehicle of the man stuck fast in a gate without its wheels being impeded by either of the *posts*, and the unfortunate Amy was credited with the accident. Such accusations formed the burden of the ditty, in addition to the bewitching of the children. These young accusers were produced in court, and, on being touched by the old women, fell into fits. But on their eyes being covered, they were thrown into the same convulsions by *other* persons, precisely in the same way. In the face of this palpable proof of imposture, and despite the general absurdity of the charges, Sir Matthew Hale committed Amy Dunny and Rose Callender to the tender mercies of the hangman. It is stated that the opinion of the learned Sir Thomas Browne, who was accidentally present, had great weight against the prisoners. He declared his belief that the children were truly bewitched, and supported the possibility of such possessions by long and learned arguments, theological and metaphysical. Yet Sir Matthew Hale was one of the wisest and best men of his time, and Sir Thomas Browne had written an able work in exposition of Popular Fallacies!

It was during the reign of Charles II. that many persons in high station were found to express a doubt of the reality of witchcraft. The first book treating the subject rationally, and trying to disprove that the Scripture warranted either the crime or its punishment,

was that of Webster, published in 1677. It is amusing to observe in this treatise the anxiety of the author to vindicate himself from the charge of irreligion, which he foresaw would be brought against him, for "crossing the common stream of vulgar opinion." Chief-justices North and Holt, to their lasting credit, were the first individuals occupying the high places of the law, who had at once the good sense and the courage to set their faces against the continuance of this murderous delusion. In one case, by detecting a piece of gross imposture, Chief-justice North threw into disrepute, once for all, the trick of *pin-vomiting*, one of the most striking and convincing practices of the possessed. A male sorcerer stood at the bar, and his supposed victim was in court, vomiting pins in profusion. These pins were straight, a circumstance which made the greater impression, as those commonly ejected in such cases were bent, engendering frequently the suspicion of their having been previously and purposely placed in the mouth. The chief-justice was led to suspect something in this case by certain movements of the bewitched woman, and, by closely cross-questioning one of her own witnesses, he brought it fully out, that the woman placed pins in her stomach, and, by a dexterous dropping of her head in her simulated fits, picked up the articles for each successive ejection. The man was found not guilty. The acquittal called forth such pointed benedictions on the judge from a very old woman present that he was induced to ask the cause. "O, my lord," said she, "twenty years ago they would have hanged me for a witch if they could; and now, but for your lordship, they would have murdered my innocent son."

The detected imposture in this case saved the accused. It was under Holt's justiceship, however, that the first acquittal is supposed to have taken place in *despite* of all evidence and upon the fair ground of the general absurdity of such a charge. In the case of Mother Munnings, tried in 1694, the unfortunate prisoner would assuredly have perished, had not Chief-justice Holt summed up in a tone so decidedly adverse to the prosecution, that the verdict of not guilty was called forth from the jury. In about ten other trials before Holt between the years 1694 and 1701, the result was the same, through the same influences. It must be remembered, however, that these were merely noted cases, in which the parties withstood all preliminary inducements to confession, and came to the bar with the plea of not guilty. About the same period — that is, during the latter years of the seventeenth century — summary executions were still common, in consequence of confessions extracted after the Hopkins fashion, still too much in favor with the lower classes. The

acquittals mentioned, only prove that the regular ministers of the law were becoming too enlightened to countenance such barbarities. Cases of possession, too, were latterly overlooked by the law, which would have brought the parties concerned to a speedy end in earlier days, even though they had done no injury to other people, and were simply unfortunate enough to have made compacts with the demon for the attainment of some purely personal advantages. For example, in 1689, there occurred the famous case of a youth, named Richard Dugdale, who sacrificed himself to the devil, on condition of being made the best dancer in Lancashire. The dissenting clergy took this youth under their charge, and a committee of them fasted and prayed, publicly and almost incessantly, for a whole year, in order to expel the dancing demon. The idea of this impostor leaping for a twelvemonth, and playing fantastic tricks before these grave divines, is extremely ludicrous. But the divines played tricks not less fantastic. They became so contemptuously intimate with the demon, as to mock him on account of saltatory deficiencies. A portion of their addresses to him on this score has been preserved, but of too ridiculous a nature for quotation in these pages. If anything else than a mere impostor, it is probable that Dugdale was affected with St. Vitus' Dance; and this is the more likely, as it was after all a regular physician who brought his dancing to a close. But the divines took care to claim the merit of the cure.

After the time of Holt, the ministers of the law went a step further in their course of improvement, and spared the accused in spite of condemnatory verdicts. In 1711, Chief-justice Powell presided at a trial where an old woman was pronounced guilty. The judge, who had sneered openly at the whole proceedings, asked the jury if they found the woman "guilty upon the indictment of conversing with the devil in the shape of a cat." The reply was, "We do find her guilty of that;" but the question of the judge produced its intended effect in casting ridicule on the whole charge, and the woman was pardoned. An able writer in the *Foreign Quarterly Review* remarks, after noticing this case: "Yet, frightful to think, after all this, in 1716, Mrs. Hicks and her daughter, aged nine, were hanged at Huntingdon for selling their souls to the devil, and raising a storm by pulling off their stockings, and making a lather of soap! With this crowning atrocity, the catalogue of murders in England closes." And a long and a black catalogue it was. "Barrington, in his observations on the statute of Henry VI., does not hesitate to estimate the numbers of those put to death in England on this charge, at THIRTY THOUSAND!"

Notwithstanding that condemnations were no longer obtainable after 1716, popular outrages on supposed witches continued to take place in England for many years afterwards. On an occasion of this kind, an aged female pauper was killed by a mob near Tring, in Staffordshire; and for the murder, one of the perpetrators was tried and executed. The occurrence of such outrages having been traced to the unrepealed statute of James I. against witchcraft, an act was passed, in 1736 (10th George II. cap. 55), discharging all legal proceedings on the ground of sorcery or witchcraft; and since this period, prosecutions for following hidden arts have had no higher aim than the punishing of a pretended skill in fortune-telling and other forms of practical knavery.

It has been said that James I. brought with him from Scotland strong impressions on the subject of witchcraft, and, accordingly, we now refer to the history of the delusion in that country. In the reign of Queen Mary, the contemporary of Elizabeth, the public mind in Scotland fell into the common frenzy, and an act was passed by the Scottish Parliament for the suppression and punishment of witchcraft. In virtue of this law, great numbers were tried and executed. At this time, and subsequently, the Scottish witches were nearly all aged women; only a few men figured in the prosecutions. On coming to exercise the functions of majesty, James made numerous judicial investigations into alleged cases of witchcraft, and derived a pleasure in questioning old women respecting their dealings with Satan. The depositions made at these formal inquests are still preserved, and are among the most curious memorials of the sixteenth century.

The witch mania in Scotland was, through these prosecutions, brought to an extravagant height in the year 1591, when a large number of unhappy beings were cruelly burned to death on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh. About this period some cases occurred to show that witchcraft was an art not confined to the vulgar. A woman of high rank and family, Catherine Ross, Lady Fowlis, was indicted at the instance of the king's advocate for the practice of witchcraft. On inquiry, it was clearly proved that this lady had endeavored, by the aid of witchcraft and poisons, to take away the lives of three or more persons who stood between her and an object she had at heart. She was desirous to make young Lady Fowlis possessor of the property of Fowlis, and to marry her to the Laird of Balmagown. Before this could be effected, Lady Fowlis had to cut off her sons-in-law, Robert and Hector Munro, and the young wife of Balmagown, besides several others. Having consulted with witches, Lady Fowlis began her work by getting pictures of the intended victims made in

clay, which she hung up, and shot at with arrows shod with flints of a particular kind, called elf-arrow heads. No effect being thus produced, this really abandoned woman took to poisoning ale and dishes, none of which cut off the proper persons, though others who accidentally tasted them lost their lives. By the confession of some of the assistant hags, the purposes of Lady Fowles were discovered, and she was brought to trial; but a local or provincial jury of dependents acquitted her. One of her purposed victims, Hector Munro, was then tried in turn for conspiring with witches against the life of his brother George. It was proved that a curious ceremony had been practised to effect this end. Hector, being sick, was carried abroad in blankets, and laid in an open grave, on which his foster-mother ran the breadth of nine riggs, and, returning, was asked by the chief attendant witch, "which she chose should live, Hector or George?" She answered, "Hector." George Munro did die soon afterwards, and Hector recovered. The latter was also acquitted, by a provincial jury, on his trial.

These disgraceful proceedings were not without their parallel in other families of note of the day. Euphemia Macalzean, daughter of an eminent judge, Lord Cliftonhall, was burned at the stake in 1591, having been convicted, if not of witchcraft, at least of a long career of intercourse with pretenders to witchcraft, whom she employed to remove obnoxious persons out of her way — tasks which they accomplished by the very simple means of poisoning, where they did accomplish them at all. The jury found this violent and abandoned woman, for such she certainly was, guilty of participation in the murder of her own godfather, of her husband's nephew, and another individual. They also found her guilty of having been at the Wise Woman of Keith's great witch-convention of North Berwick; but every witch of the day was compelled to admit having been there, out of compliment to the king, to whom it was a source of agreeable terror to think himself of so much importance as to call for a solemn convocation of the powers of evil to overthrow him. Euphemia Macalzean was "burnt in ashes, quick to the death." This was a doom not assigned to the less guilty. Alluding to cases of this latter class, a writer (already quoted) in the *Foreign Quarterly Review* remarks: "In the trials of Bessie Roy, of James Reid, or Patrick Currie, of Isobel Grierson, and of Grisel Gardiner, the charges are principally of taking off and laying on diseases either on men or cattle; meetings with the devil in various shapes and places; raising and dismembering dead bodies for the purpose of enchantments; destroying crops; scaring honest persons in the shape of cats; taking away women's milk; committing housebreaking

and theft by means of enchantments; and so on. South-running water, salt, rowan-tree, enchanted flints (probably elf-arrow heads), and doggerel verses, generally a translation of the Creed or Lord's Prayer, were the means employed for effecting a cure." Diseases, again, were laid on by forming pictures of clay or wax; by placing a dead hand, or some mutilated member, in the house of the intended victim; or by throwing enchanted articles at his door. A good purpose did not save the witch; intercourse with spirits, in any shape, being the crime.

Of course, in the revelations of the various witches, inconsistencies were abundant, and even plain and evident impossibilities were frequently among the things averred. The sapient James, however, in place of being led by these things to doubt the whole, was only strengthened in his opinions, it being a maxim of his that the witches were "all extreme liars." Other persons came to different conclusions from the same premises; and before the close of James' reign, many men of sense began to weary of the torturings and burnings that took place almost every day, in town or country, and had done so for a period of thirty years (betwixt 1590 and 1620). Advocates now came forward to defend the accused, and in their pleadings ventured even to arraign some of the received axioms of "Dæmonologie" laid down by the king himself, in a book bearing that name. The removal of James to England moderated, but did not altogether stop, the witch prosecutions. After his death they slackened more considerably. Only eight witchcraft cases are on the record as having occurred between 1625 and 1640 in Scotland, and in one of these cases, remarkable to tell, the accused escaped. The mania, as it appears, was beginning to wear itself out.

As the spirit of puritanism gained strength, however, which it gradually did during the latter part of the reign of Charles I., the partially cleared horizon became again overcast; and again was this owing to ill-judged edicts, which, by indicating the belief of the great and the educated in witchcraft, had the natural effect of reviving the frenzy among the flexible populace. The General Assembly was the body in fault on this occasion, and thenceforward the clergy were the great witch-hunters in Scotland. The Assembly passed condemnatory acts in 1640, 43, 44, 45, and 49; and with every successive act, the cases and convictions increased, with even a deeper degree of attendant horrors than at any previous time. "The old impossible and abominable fancies," says the Review formerly quoted, "of the *Malleus* were revived. About thirty trials appear on the record between 1649 and the Restoration, only one of which seems to have terminated in an acquittal; while at a single circuit, held at Glasgow, Stirling, and Ayr, in

1659, seventeen persons were convicted and burnt for this crime." But it must be remembered that the phrase, "on the record," alludes only to judiciary trials, which formed but a small proportion of the cases really tried. The judiciary lists take no note of the commissions perpetually given by the Privy-council to resident gentlemen and clergymen to try and burn witches in their respective districts. These commissions executed people over the whole country in multitudes. Wodrow, Lamont, Mercer, and Whitelocke prove this but too satisfactorily.

The clergy continued, after the Restoration, to pursue these imaginary criminals with a zeal altogether deplorable. The Judiciary Court condemned twenty persons in the first year of Charles II.'s reign (1661), and in one day of the same year the council issued fourteen new provincial commissions, the aggregate doings of which one shudders to guess at. To compute their condemnations would be impossible, for victim after victim perished at the stake, unnamed and unheard of. Morayshire became at this particular period the scene of a violent fit of the great moral frenzy, and some of the most remarkable examinations, signaling the whole course of Scottish witchcraft, took place in that country. The details, though occasionally ludicrous from their absurdity, are too horrible for narration in the present pages.

On the new government becoming thoroughly fixed in power, this form of religious persecution—for in some degree such it was—abated. From 1662, there is an interval of six years without a single judiciary trial for the crime of witchcraft, and one fellow was actually whipped for charging some person with it. After this period, the dying embers of the delusion only burst out on occasions, here and there, into a momentary flame. In 1678, several women were condemned, "on their own confession," says the Register; but we suspect this only means, in reality, that one malicious being made voluntary admissions involving others, as must often have been the case, we fear, in these proceedings. Scattered cases took place near the beginning of the eighteenth century—such as those at Paisley in 1697, at Pittenweem in 1704, and at Spott about the same time. It is curious, that as something like direct evidence became necessary for condemnation, evidence did present itself, and in the shape of possessed or enchanted young persons, who were brought into court to play off their tricks. The most striking case of this nature was that of Christian Shaw, a girl about eleven years old, and the daughter of Mr. Shaw, of Bargarran, in Renfrewshire. This wretched girl, who seems to have been an accomplished hypocrite, young as she was, quarrelled with a maid-servant, and, to be revenged, fell into

convulsions, saw spirits, and, in short, feigned herself bewitched. To sustain her story, she accused one person after another, till not less than twenty were implicated, some of them children of the ages of twelve and fourteen! They were tried on the evidence of the girl, and five human beings perished through her malicious impostures. It is remarkable that this very girl afterwards founded the thread manufacture in Renfrewshire. From a friend who had been in Holland, she learnt some secrets in spinning, and, putting them skillfully in practice, she led the way to the extensive operations carried on of late years in that department. She became the wife of the minister of Kilmaurs, and, it is to be hoped, had leisure and grace to repent of the wicked misapplication in her youth of those talents which she undoubtedly possessed.

The last *Judiciary* trial for witchcraft in Scotland was in the case of Elspeth Rule, who was convicted in 1708, and banished. A belief in the crime was evidently expiring in the minds of the Scottish law-authorities; and the Lord Advocate, or public prosecutor, endeavored to prevent the county courts from taking cognizance of the subject. Notwithstanding his remonstrances, however, a case of trial and execution for witchcraft was conducted by Captain David Ross of Littledean, sheriff-depute of Sutherlandshire, in 1722. "The victim," observes Sir Walter Scott, in his *Letters on Demonology*, "was an insane old woman belonging to the parish of Loth, who had so little idea of her situation as to rejoice at the sight of the fire which was destined to consume her. She had a daughter lame both of hands and feet, a circumstance attributed to the witch's having been used to transform her into a pony, and get her shod by the devil. It does not appear that any punishment was inflicted for this cruel abuse of the law on the person of a creature so helpless." The execution took place at Dornoch, and was the last that was inflicted for witchcraft in Great Britain. Here may be said to end the tragical annals of witchcraft in Scotland. The number of its victims, from first to last, it would be difficult accurately to compute; but the black scroll would include, according to those who have most attentively inquired into the subject, upwards of FOUR THOUSAND persons.

Having thus presented a historical sketch of witchcraft in England and Scotland, we proceed to give an account of the mania as it occurred in the North American colonies.

Carrying their religious opinions to an excess, and generally ignorant of the economy of nature, the inhabitants of New England yielded a remarkable credence to the popular superstition, and carried it as far, in the way of judicial punishment, as it had gone in any European nation. Their situation, perhaps,

as colonists in a pagan region, helped to fan the flame of their fury against witches. They regarded the Indians as worshippers of the devil, and practisers of incantations; they, therefore, felt it to be necessary to be doubly on their guard, and to watch the first appearances of witchcraft within the settlements. We learn from a respectable authority — Chandler's *Criminal Trials* — to which we are indebted for many subsequent particulars, that the first suspicion of witchcraft among the English in America was about the year 1645.

"At Springfield, on the Connecticut river, several persons were supposed to be under an evil hand; but no one was convicted until 1650, when a poor wretch, Mary Oliver, after a long examination, was brought to a confession of her guilt, but it does not appear that she was executed. About the same time, three persons were executed near Boston, all of whom at their death asserted their innocence. In 1655, Anne Hibbins, the widow of a magistrate and a man of note in Boston, was tried for this offence before the Court of Assistants. The jury found her guilty, but the magistrates refused to accept the verdict. The case was carried up to the General Court, where the popular voice prevailed, and the prisoner was executed. In 1662, at Hartford, Connecticut, a woman named Greensmith confessed that she had been grossly familiar with a demon, and she was executed. In 1669, Susanna Martin of Salisbury was bound over to the court upon suspicion of witchcraft, but escaped. She suffered death in 1692. In 1671, Elizabeth Knap, who possessed ventriloquial powers, alarmed the people of Groton; but as her demon railed at the minister of the town, and other persons of good character, the people would not believe him. Her fraud and imposture were soon discovered. In 1694, Philip Smith, a judge of the court, a military officer, and a representative of the town of Hadley, fancied himself under an evil hand, and suspected an old woman, one of his neighbors, as the cause of his sickness. She was dragged from her house by some young men, who hung her up until she was nearly dead, then rolled her in the snow, and at last buried her in it; but it happened that she survived, and the melancholy man died. Trials for witchcraft out of New England were not common. In 1665, Ralph Hall and his wife were tried for the offence in New York, and acquitted. In 1660, in Queen's County, Long Island, Mary Wright, was suspected of corresponding with the Author of Evil. She was arraigned, and it was finally concluded to transport her to the General Court of Massachusetts, 'where charges of this kind were more common, and the proofs necessary to support them better understood.' She was accordingly arraigned

there, and acquitted of witchcraft, but was convicted of being a Quaker, and banished out of the jurisdiction. In Pennsylvania, when William Penn officiated as judge in his new colony, two women, accused of witchcraft, were presented by the grand jury. Without treating the charge with contempt, which the public mind would not have borne, he charged the jury to bring them in guilty of being suspected of witchcraft, which was not a crime that exposed them to the penalty of the law. Notwithstanding the frequent instances of supposed witchcraft in Massachusetts, no person had suffered death there on that account for nearly thirty years after the execution of Anne Hibbins. The sentence of this woman was disapproved of by many influential men, and her fate probably prevented further prosecutions. But in 1685, a very circumstantial account of most of the cases above mentioned was published, and many arguments were brought to convince the country that they were no delusions or impostures, but the effects of a familiarity between the devil and such as he found fit for his instruments."

Before going further with our account of these strange doings, it is necessary to introduce to the reader a person who made himself exceedingly prominent in exciting and keeping up the witchcraft mania. This individual was the Rev. Cotton Mather — a noted character in American biography.

Cotton Mather was descended from a respectable English family. His grandfather and father were ministers of the Congregational body, in which he also was destined to perform a distinguished part. He was born at Boston in 1662; and his mother being a daughter of John Cotton, an eminent nonconformist divine, he received from him the name of Cotton. In his youth, he was considered a prodigy of piety and devotion to study, and at an early age he was raised to the ministry as assistant to his father. Later in life, he did good service to the colony, as a zealous advocate of popular rights during the struggles with the Stuarts and the establishment of the revolution of 1688. Cotton Mather, however, is chiefly remembered for his indefatigable zeal in seeking out and getting witches tried and executed. This great work he felt to be his mission; his mind was full of it. He seems to have considered that in nothing could he do the commonwealth such good service as in ridding it of traffickers with every order of demons. In order to make known his opinion on the subject, he wrote various treatises, expounding the nature of the invisible world, and all breathing an earnest belief in the constant personal interference of Satan with his ministerial prelections. Among his manuscripts, which have been collected by the Massachusetts Historical

Society, there is a paper on which is endorsed the following curious record in his handwriting: — "November 23, 1692. — While I was preaching at a private fast (kept for a possessed young woman), on Mark ix. 23, 29, the devil in the damsel flew upon me, and tore the leaf, as it is now torn, over against the text." For a fac-simile of this strange record, we refer to Jared Sparks' life of Mather, from which we derive the present account of this credulous and meddlesome personage.

Several instances of alleged witchcraft, as has been seen, prepared the way for the great Salem tragedy, and these doubtless stimulated the zeal of Cotton Mather. In 1688, a case occurred which, being under his own eye, afforded materials for minute investigation. The family of John Goodwin, a respectable and devout man, living in the northern part of Boston, began to be troubled with supernatural visitations. The children had all been religiously educated, and were thought to be without guile. The eldest was a girl of thirteen or fourteen years. She had a quarrel with a laundress, whom she had charged with taking away some of the family linen. The mother of the laundress was an Irish woman, who, resenting the imputations on her daughter's character, gave the girl harsh language. Shortly afterwards, the girl, her sister, and two brothers, complained of being tormented with strange pains in different parts of their bodies, and these affections were pronounced to be diabolical by the physicians who happened to be consulted. "One or two things were said to be very remarkable; all their complaints were in the daytime, and they slept comfortably all night; they were struck dumb at the sight of the *Assembly's Catechism*, *Cotton's Milk for Babes*, and some other good books; but could read in Oxford jests, Popish and Quaker books, and the Common Prayer, without any difficulty. Sometimes they would be deaf, then dumb, then blind; and sometimes all these disorders together would come upon them. Their tongues would be drawn down their throats, then pulled out upon their chins. Their jaws, necks, shoulders, elbows, and all their joints, would appear to be dislocated; and they would make most piteous outcries of burnings, of being cut with knives, beat, &c., and the marks of wounds were afterwards to be seen. The ministers of Boston and Charlestown kept a day of fasting and prayer at the troubled house; after which, the youngest child made no more complaints. The others continuing to be afflicted, the magistrates interposed, and the old woman was apprehended; but, upon examination, would neither confess nor deny, and appeared to be disordered in her senses." In order to satisfy themselves on this latter point, the magistrates

appointed several physicians "to examine her very strictly, whether she was no way crazed in her intellects." These sage inquirers do not appear to have been acquainted with the fact, that a person may be deranged on one subject, and yet sane on all others. They conversed with the woman a good deal, and, finding that she gave connected replies, agreed that she was in full possession of her mind. She was then found guilty of witchcraft, and sentenced to die. Cotton Mather eagerly seized on this admirable opportunity of conversing with a legally-condemned witch. He paid many visits to the poor woman while she was in prison, and was vastly edified with her communications. She described her interviews with the Prince of Darkness, and her attendance upon his meetings, with a clearness that seems to have filled him with perfect delight. No sentiments of compassion appear to have been excited in his mind towards this unfortunate woman. He accompanied her to the scaffold, and rejoiced in seeing what he considered justice done upon her. To the moment of her death, she continued to declare that the children should not be relieved — an unequivocal proof of disordered intellect.

Sure enough, the execution did not stay the disorder. The children complained of suffering as much as before. Some of these facts are amusing. Mather in his simplicity says: "They were often near drowning or burning themselves, and they often strangled themselves with their neckcloths; but the providence of God still ordered the seasonable succors of them that looked after them." On the least reproof of their parents, "they would roar excessively." It usually took abundance of time to dress or undress them, through the strange postures into which they would be twisted on purpose to hinder it. "If they were bidden to do a needless thing, such as to rub a clean table, they were able to do it unmolested; but if to do a useful thing, as to rub a dirty table, they would presently, with many torments, be made incapable." Such a choice opportunity as this family afforded for inquiry into the physiology of witchcraft, was not to be lost. In order to inspect the specimen more at leisure, he had the eldest daughter brought to his own house. He wished to "confute the Sadducism of that debauched age," and the girl took care that the materials should not be wanting.

A number of cunningly-devised tricks were performed by this artful young creature, all of which imposed on Cotton, who resolved to give an account of her case in a sermon. This publicity, however, was by no means pleasing to the victim of witchcraft. She made many attempts to prevent the preaching of the sermon, threatening Mather with the vengeance of the spirits, till he was almost out of

patience, and exorcised them in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. All these were perfectly intelligible to them; "but the Indian languages they did not seem so well to understand."

The whole particulars of this amusing case were published in a regular form, and afterwards reprinted in London, by Richard Baxter, who confidently says in the preface: "This great instance comes with such convincing evidence, that he must be a very obdurate Sadducee that will not believe it." We may here explain, that, during the seventeenth century, "Sadducee" was the term usually employed to denote any one who did not come up to a certain standard of belief, and was employed often towards persons of high ecclesiastical position.

That it was feasible to doubt the validity of the pretended complaints of Goodwin's children, and yet not be a Sadducee, was afterwards manifest. These young persons had, from first to last, carried on a system of imposture; and the idea of doing so had been suggested by the relation of tales of English witchcraft. "Glanvil," observes Mr. Chandler, "not many years before, published his witch-stories in England; Perkins and other nonconformists were earlier; but the great authority was that of Sir Matthew Hale, revered in New England, not only for his knowledge in the law, but for his gravity and piety. The trial of the witches in Suffolk was published in 1684. All these books were in New England; and the conformity between the behavior of Goodwin's children and most of the supposed bewitched at Salem, and the behavior of those in England, is so exact, as to leave no room to doubt the stories had been read by the New England persons themselves, or had been told to them by others who had read them."

We now come to the great witch battue at Salem, a village in Massachusetts, which at present forms a part of the town of Danvers. The commencement of the Salem witchcraft was in February, 1692, and broke out in the family of Samuel Parris, the minister of the village. There had been a bitter strife between Mr. Parris and a portion of his people; and the "very active part he took in the prosecutions for witchcraft had been justly attributed, not less to motives of revenge, than to a blind zeal in the performance of what he considered his duty. A daughter of Mr. Parris, nine years of age, his niece, a girl of less than twelve, and two other girls in the neighborhood, began to make the same sort of complaints that Goodwin's children had made two or three years before. The physicians having no other way of accounting for their disorder, pronounced them bewitched. An Indian woman, who had been brought into the country from New Spain, and then lived with Mr. Parris, tried some experiments,

which she pretended to have been used in her own country, in order to find out the witch. This coming to the children's knowledge, they cried out upon the poor Indian as appearing to them, pinching, pricking and tormenting them; and they fell into fits. Tituba, the Indian, acknowledged that she had learned how to find out a witch, but denied that she was one herself. Several private fasts were kept at the minister's house, and several, more public, by the whole village; and then a general fast through the colony, to implore God to rebuke Satan. The great notice taken of the children, together with the pity and compassion of the persons by whom they were visited, not only tended to confirm them in their conduct, but to draw others into the like. Accordingly, the numbers of the sufferers soon increased; and, among them, there were two or three women, and some girls old enough for witnesses. These, too, had their fits, and when in them cried out, not only against Tituba, but against Sarah Osburn, a melancholy, distracted old woman, and Sarah Good, another old woman, who was bedrid. Tituba having, as it is alleged, been scourged by her master, at length confessed herself a witch, and that the two old women were her confederates. The three were then committed to prison; and Tituba, upon search, was found to have scars upon her back, which were called the devil's marks. This took place on the 1st of March. About three weeks afterwards, two other women, of good character, and church members, Corey and Nurse, were complained of, and brought to an examination; on which these children fell into fits, and the mother of one of them, the wife of Thomas Putnam, joined with the children, and complained of Nurse, as tormenting her; she made most terrible shrieks, to the amazement of all the neighborhood. The women, notwithstanding they denied everything, were sent to prison; and such was the infatuation, that a child of Sarah Good, about four or five years old, was also committed, being charged with biting some of the afflicted, who showed the prints of small teeth on their arms. On April 3d Mr. Parris took for his text: "Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?" Sarah Cloyse, supposing it to be occasioned by Nurse's case, who was her sister, went out of meeting, and she was, thereupon, complained of for a witch, examined, and committed. Elizabeth Proctor was charged about the same time; her husband accompanied her to her examination, but it cost him his life. Some of the afflicted cried out upon him also, and they were both committed to prison.

"The subject acquired new interest; and, to examine Sarah Cloyse and Elizabeth Proctor, the deputy-governor and five other magistrates came to Salem. It was a great day;

several ministers were present. Parris officiated, and, by his own record, it is plain that he himself elicited every accusation. His first witness, John, the Indian servant, husband to Tibula, was rebuked by Sarah Cloyse, as a grievous liar. Abigail Williams, the niece of Parris, was also at hand with her tales: the prisoner had been at the witches' sacrament. Struck with horror, Sarah Cloyse asked for water, and sank down 'in a dying fainting-fit.' 'Her spirit,' shouted the band of the afflicted, 'is gone to prison to her sister Nurse.' Against Elizabeth Proctor the niece of Parris told stories yet more foolish than false: the prisoner had invited her to sign the devil's book. 'Dear child,' exclaimed the accused in her agony, 'it is not so. There is another judgment, dear child;' and her accusers, turning towards her husband, declared that he, too, was a wizard. All three were committed.

"No wonder that the whole country was in a consternation when persons of sober lives and unblemished characters were committed to prison upon such evidence. Nobody was safe. The most effectual way to prevent an accusation was to become an accuser; and, accordingly, the number of the afflicted increased every day, and the number of the accused in proportion. As yet no one had confessed; but at length Deliverance Hobbs owned everything that was asked of her, and was left unharmed. Then it was that the monstrous doctrine seems to have been first thought of, that 'the gallows was to be set up, not for those who professed themselves witches, but for those who rebuked the delusion;' not for the guilty, but for the unbelieving. As might be expected, confessions rose in importance. They were the avenue of safety. Examinations and commitments were of daily occurrence, and the whole community was in a state of terror and alarm, which can more easily be imagined than described. The purest life, the strictest integrity, the most solemn asseverations of innocence, were of no avail. Husband was torn from wife, parents from children, brother from sister, and, in some cases, the unhappy victims saw in their accusers their nearest and dearest friends: in one instance, a wife and a daughter accused the husband and father to save themselves; and, in another, a daughter seven years old testified against her mother.

"The manner in which the examinations were conducted was eminently calculated to increase the number of the accused and of the accusers. Mr. Parris was present at all of them, and was over-officious, putting leading questions, and artfully entrapping the witnesses into contradictions, by which they became confused, and were eagerly cried out upon as guilty of the offence. The appearance of the persons accused was also carefully

noted by the magistrates, and was used in evidence against them at their trials. 'As to the method which the Salem justices do take,' says a contemporary writer, 'it is truly this: A warrant being issued out to apprehend the persons that are charged and complained of by the afflicted children, as they are called, said persons are brought before the justices, the afflicted being present. The justices ask the apprehended why they afflict these poor children; to which the apprehended answer, they do not afflict them. The justices order the apprehended to look upon the said children, which accordingly they do; and at the time of that look (I dare not say *by* that look, as the Salem gentlemen do), the afflicted are cast into a fit. The apprehended are then blinded, and ordered to touch the afflicted; and at that touch, though not *by* that touch (as above), the afflicted do ordinarily come out of their fits. The afflicted persons then declare and affirm that the apprehended have afflicted them; upon which the apprehended persons, though of never so good repute, are forthwith committed to prison, on suspicion of witchcraft.'"

Cotton Mather was in his element during these transactions. He recommended the magistrates to study his works on witchcraft, and to use all the enginery in their power to purify the land from the wicked practices of necromancy. The authorities scarcely needed these incitements. They carried on their examinations with much vigor, and the manner in which they did so affords one a melancholy insight into the minutiae of the delusion.

While various preliminary examinations had been made by the authorities, the jails were gradually filling with persons awaiting the commencement of the trials, which could not take place for several months, in consequence of there being a kind of suspension of the chartered rights of the colony. In May, a new royal charter arrived, along with Sir William Phipps as governor — a person, as it would appear, unfitted for this important trust; he was a protégé of the Mathers, inclined to walk by their counsel, and a firm believer in witchcraft. Finding on his arrival that the prisons were full of victims charged with this offence, and urged on by the seeming urgency of the occasion, he took it upon him to issue a special commission, constituting the persons named in it a court to act in and for the counties of Suffolk, Essex, and Middlesex. This court, beyond all question an illegal tribunal, because the governor had no shadow of authority to constitute it, consisted of seven judges. "At the opening of the court at Salem, on the 2d of June, 1692, the commission of the governor was published, and the oath of office was administered to Thomas Newton as attorney-general, and to Stephen Sewall as clerk. The general course

of proceedings at these trials was entirely consistent with the character of the court and the nature of their business. After pleading to the indictment, if the prisoner denied his guilt, the afflicted persons were first brought into court and sworn as to who afflicted them. Then the confessors, that is, those who had voluntarily acknowledged themselves witches, were called upon to tell what they knew of the accused. Proclamation was then made for all who could give any testimony, however foreign to the charge, to come into court, and whatever any one volunteered to tell was admitted as evidence. The next process was to search for 'witch-marks,' the doctrine being that the devil affixed his mark to those in alliance with him, and that this point on the body became callous and dead. This duty was performed by a jury of the same sex, who made a particular return of the appearance of the body, and whether there was any preternatural excrescence. A wart or a mole on the body of a prisoner was often conclusive against him, when the evidence was otherwise doubtful. These examinations in the case of women were made by a jury of matrons, aided by a medical man as foreman. They were very minute, and, in some respects, the most cruel and disgusting part of the proceedings. The unhappy prisoners were not only subjected to the mortification of a gross exposure before the jury of examination, but when any witch-mark was found, it was punctured with pins to ascertain whether there was any feeling. There were usually several examinations of the same individual. In one instance, a woman was examined at ten o'clock in the morning, and at four o'clock in the afternoon the jury certified that they had again examined her, and that her breast, which 'in the morning search appeared to us very full, the nibblis fresh and starting, now at this search all lancke and pendent.' Of the nine women who were on this jury, but one could write her name; the remainder made their marks.

"Evidence was also received respecting the appearance of the accused at the preliminary examinations; and the various signs of witchcraft which then appeared were detailed with much particularity. It was a great sign of witchcraft to make an error in the Lord's Prayer, which the accused on those occasions were required to repeat, and if they made a single error, it was brought up at their trial as evidence against them. Thus, one repeated the prayer correctly in every particular, excepting that she said, 'deliver us from *all* evil,' which was looked upon as if she prayed against what she was now justly under.' Upon making another attempt, she said, 'hollowed be thy name,' instead of 'hallowed be thy name;' and this was counted a depraving the word, as signifying to make

void, and so a curse, rather than a prayer.' The appearance of the accused, and of those supposed to be bewitched, also had an effect against the prisoner. Sometimes the witnesses were struck dumb for a long time; at others, they would fall into terrible fits, and were insensible to the touch of all but the accused, who, they declared, tormented them. Sometimes the accused were ordered to look on the afflicted, when the latter would be immediately thrown into fits. It was thought that an invisible and implacable fluid darted from the eyes of the witch, and penetrated the brain of the bewitched. A touch by the witch attracted the malignant fluid, and the sufferers recovered their senses. Another sign of witchcraft, of great consideration, was an inability of the accused to shed tears.

"There was one species of evidence which was of great effect in these prosecutions, and which it was impossible to rebut. Witnesses were allowed to testify to certain acts of the accused, when the latter were not present in the body; that they were tormented by apparitions or spectres of the accused, which pinched them, robbed them of their goods, caused them to languish and pine away, pricked them; and they produced the identical pins which were used for this purpose."

The first session of the Special Court of Oyer and Terminer was held in June, 1692, and at this time one trial only took place. "The victim selected for this occasion was Bridget Bishop, or Oliver, a poor and friendless old woman, who had been charged with witchcraft twenty years before. The indictment against her set forth, that on the 19th day of April, and at divers other days and times, as well before as after, she used, practised, and exercised certain detestable arts, called witchcrafts and sorceries, at and within the township of Salem, in, upon, and against one Mercy Lewis, of Salem village; by which wicked arts, the said Mercy Lewis 'was hurt, tortured, afflicted, pined, consumed, wasted, and tormented, against the peace of our sovereign lord and lady, the king and queen, and against the form of the statute in that case made and provided.' There were four other indictments against the prisoner for the same crime in afflicting other persons. On her arraignment, she pleaded not guilty.

"The fact that the crime had been committed, or that certain persons were bewitched by some one, was considered too notorious to require much proof; and to fix the crime on the prisoner, the first testimony adduced was that of the persons supposed to be bewitched. Several of them testified that the shape of the prisoner sometimes very grievously pinched, choked, bit, and afflicted them, urging them to write their names in a book, which the said spectre called, 'ours.' One of them further testified, that the shape of the

prisoner, with another, one day took her from her wheel, and, carrying her to the river-side, threatened there to drown her, if she did not sign the book. Others testified that the said shape did in her threats brag to them that she had been the death of sundry persons, then by her named. Another testified to the apparition of ghosts, to the spectre of the prisoner, crying out: 'You murdered us.' 'About the truth whereof,' adds the reporter of this trial, 'there was, in the matter of fact, but too much suspicion.'"

The evidence given by John Louder on this ridiculous trial may be taken as a fair sample of the nonsense which was uttered on the occasion. "John Louder testified, that, upon some little controversy with Bishop about her fowls, going well to bed, he awoke in the night by moonlight, and saw clearly the likeness of this woman grievously oppressing him; in which miserable condition she held him, unable to help himself, till near day. He told Bishop of this; but she utterly denied it, and threatened him very much. Quickly after this, being at home on a Lord's-day, with the doors shut about him, he saw a black pig approach him, which endeavoring to kick, it vanished away. Immediately after, sitting down, he saw a black thing jump in at the window, and come and stand before him. The body was like that of a monkey, the feet like a cock's, but the face much like a man's. He being so extremely affrighted that he could not speak, this monster spoke to him, and said: 'I am a messenger sent unto you, for I understand that you are in some trouble of mind; and if you will be ruled by me, you shall want for nothing in this world.' Whereupon he endeavored to clap his hands upon it, but he could feel no substance, and it jumped out of the window again, but immediately came in by the porch, though the doors were shut, and said: 'You had better take my counsel.' He then struck at it with a stick, but struck only the groundsel, and broke the stick. The arm with which he struck was presently disabled, and it vanished away. He presently went out at the back-door, and spied this Bishop, in her orchard, going towards her house; but he had not power to set one foot forward unto her. Whereupon, returning into the house, he was immediately accosted by the monster he had seen before, which goblin was going to fly at him; whereat he cried out: 'The whole armor of God be between me and you!' So it sprang back, and flew over the apple-tree, shaking many apples off the tree in its flying over. At its leap, it flung dirt with its feet against the stomach of the man; whereon he was then struck dumb, and so continued for three days together. 'Upon the producing of this testimony,' says Cotton Mather, 'Bishop denied that she knew this deponent. Yet their two

orchards joined, and they had often had their little quarrels for some years together.'"

All this trash being gravely listened to and approved of by the court, it was resolved, as a final step in the procedure, to have the prisoner examined by a jury of women. This was accordingly done; the matrons reported that they found a preternatural "tet" upon her body, and on making a second examination within three or four hours, there was no such thing to be seen.

"The poor woman undertook to explain the circumstances which had been related against her, but she was constantly harassed; and, becoming confused, she apparently prevaricated somewhat, and all she said made against her. She seems to have been a woman of violent temper, who had lived on ill terms with her neighbors for many years, and who had long had the reputation of being a witch. Those of her neighbors who had suffered from her uncomfortable disposition were nothing loath to attribute all their misfortunes to her; and she thus stood little chance of a fair trial.

"She was convicted, and sentenced to be hanged, and was remanded to prison to await her doom. 'As she was under a guard, passing by the great and spacious meeting-house of Salem,'—Cotton Mather relates this—'she gave a look towards the house; and immediately a demon, invisibly entering the meeting-house, tore down a part of it; so that though there were no persons to be seen there, yet the people at the noise running in found a board, which was strongly fastened with several nails, transported unto another quarter of the house.' She was executed on the 10th of June, solemnly protesting her innocence to the last.

"After the trial and condemnation of Bridget Bishop, the court adjourned to the 30th of June; and the governor and council thought proper, in the mean time, to take the opinion of several ministers upon the state of things as they then stood. Their return, understood to have been drawn up by Cotton Mather, was as follows:—

"1. The afflicted state of our poor neighbors, that are now suffering by molestations from the invisible world, we apprehend so deplorable, that we think their condition calls for the utmost help of all persons in their several capacities.

"2. We cannot but with all thankfulness acknowledge the success which the merciful God has given to the sedulous and assiduous endeavors of our honorable rulers, to defeat the abominable witchcrafts which have been committed in the country; humbly praying that the discovery of those mysterious and mischievous wickednesses may be perfected.

"3. We judge that in the prosecution of these and all such witchcrafts, there is need of a very critical and exquisite caution, lest by too much credulity for things received

only upon the devil's authority, there be a door opened for a long train of miserable consequences, and Satan get an advantage over us; for we should not be ignorant of his devices.

"4. As in complaints upon witchcrafts there may be matters of inquiry which do not amount unto matters of presumption, and there may be matters of presumption which yet may not be matters of conviction, so it is necessary that all proceedings thereabout be managed with an exceeding tenderness towards those that may be complained of, especially if they have been persons formerly of an unblemished reputation.

"5. When the first inquiry is made into the circumstances of such as may lie under the just suspicion of witchcrafts, we could wish that there may be admitted as little as possible of such noise, company, and openness, as may too hastily expose them that are examined; and that there may be nothing used as a test for the trial of the suspected, the lawfulness whereof may be doubted by the people of God; but that the directions given by such judicious writers as Perkins and Bernard may be observed.

"6. Presumptions whereupon persons may be committed, and, much more, convictions whereupon persons may be condemned as guilty of witchcrafts, ought certainly to be more considerable than barely the accused person's being represented by a spectre unto the afflicted; inasmuch as it is an undoubted and a notorious thing that a demon may, by God's permission, appear, even to ill purposes, in the shape of an innocent, yea, and a virtuous man. Nor can we esteem alterations made in the sufferers, by a look or touch of the accused, to be an infallible evidence of guilt, but frequently liable to be abused by the devil's legerdemain.

"7. We know not whether some remarkable affronts given the devils, by our disbelieving those testimonies whose whole force and strength is from them alone, may not put a period unto the progress of the dreadful calamity begun upon us, in the accusation of so many persons, whereof some, we hope, are yet clear from the great transgression laid to their charge.

"8. Nevertheless, we cannot but humbly recommend unto the government the speedy and vigorous prosecutions of such as have rendered themselves obnoxious, according to the directions in the laws of God, and the wholesome statutes of the English nation, for the detection of witchcrafts."

These suggestions met with due attention. Accordingly, when the court again met on the 30th of June, five women were brought to trial—namely, Sarah Good and Rebecca Nurse of Salem village, Susannah Martin of Amesbury, Elizabeth How of Ipswich, and Sarah Wildes of Topsfield. They were con-

demned, and executed on the 19th of July. There was no difficulty with any but Rebecca Nurse. She was a member of the church, and of a good character; as to her, the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty. The accusers made a great clamor, and the court expressed much dissatisfaction. The jury again retired, and this time brought in a verdict of guilty. On the next communion-day, the poor woman, declaring her innocence, was taken in chains to the meeting-house, to be formally excommunicated. She was hanged with the rest on the 19th of July. In August, six persons were tried and condemned to be executed; one of the unhappy prisoners on this occasion being a person named Willard, who had formerly been employed to detect witchcraft, but had latterly revolted at the office, and expressed a disbelief of the crime.

The next trial was that of George Burroughs, a person of education, who had formerly been a minister in Salem village. "His trial and condemnation form one of the darkest transactions which the annals of crime in America present. There were at the time vague hints, which became at length positive assertions, of difficulties between him and Parris, which render his fate a terrible commentary on the power thrown into the hands of a few designing men, by the excited state of public feeling. Moreover, he boldly denied that there was or could be such a thing as witchcraft, in the current sense of the term. He was among the first who were accused, and, after lying in jail several months, he was brought to trial on the 5th of August. The indictment set forth that the prisoner, on the 9th day of May, and divers other days, as well before as after, 'certain detestable arts, called witchcraft and sorceries, wickedly and feloniously hath used, practised, and exercised, at, and within the township of Salem, in the county of Essex aforesaid, in, upon, and against one Anne Putnam, single woman, by which said wicked arts the said Anne Putnam, the ninth day of May, and divers other days and times, as well before as after, was and is tortured, afflicted, pined, consumed, wasted, and tormented, against the peace of our sovereign Lord and Lady, the king and queen, and against the form of the statute in that case made and provided.'"

There were three other indictments against the prisoner, to all of which, on his arraignment, he pleaded not guilty. The evidence against him was of a very loose and general nature, consisting, in a great measure, of things said and done by his shape or apparition, when he was not present as to the body. The following is a condensation of the absurd evidence of two of the witnesses:—

Anne Putnam said: "On the 9th of May, 1692, in the evening, I saw the apparition of George Burroughs, who grievously tortured

me, and urged me to write in his book ; which I refused. He then told me that his two first wives would appear to me presently, and tell me a great many lies ; but I should not believe them. Immediately there appeared to me the forms of two women in winding-sheets, and napkins about their heads, at which I was greatly affrighted. They turned their faces towards Mr. Burroughs, and looked very red and angry at him, telling him that he had been a cruel man to them, and that their blood cried for vengeance against him. They also told him they should be clothed with white robes in heaven, when he should be cast into hell. Immediately he vanished away ; and as soon as he was gone, the two women turned their faces towards me, looking as pale as a white wall. They said they were Mr. Burroughs' first wives, and that he had murdered them. One of them said she was his first wife, and he stabbed her under the left arm, and put a piece of sealing-wax on the wound ; and she pulled aside the winding-sheet, and showed me the place ; and also told me that she was in the house where Mr. Parris now lives, when it was done. The other told me that Mr. Burroughs and his present wife killed her in the vessel as she was coming to see her friends, because they would have one another ; and they both charged me, that I should tell these things to the magistrates before Mr. Burroughs' face, and if he did not own them, they did not know but they should appear there this morning. Mrs. Lawson and her daughter also appeared to me, and told me that Mr. Burroughs murdered them. This morning there also appeared to me another woman in a winding-sheet, and told me that she was Goodman Fuller's first wife, and that Mr. Burroughs killed her, because of some difference between her husband and himself. The prisoner, on the 9th of May, also, at his first examination, most grievously tormented and afflicted Mary Walcott, Mercy Lewis, Elizabeth Hubbard, and Abigail Williams, by pinching, pricking, and choking them."

Elizabeth Hubbard said : " One night there appeared to me a little black-bearded man, in dark apparel, who told me his name was Burroughs. He took a book out of his pocket, and bade me set my hand to it. I refused. The lines in the book were as red as blood. He then pinched me, and went away. He has often appeared to me since, and threatened to kill me if I would not sign the book. He tortured me very much by biting, pinching, and squeezing my body, and running pins into me. At his first examination, on 9th May, he did most grievously afflict and torment the bodies of Mary Walcott, Mercy Lewis, Anne Putman, and Abigail Williams. If he did but look upon them, he would strike them down, or almost choke them to death. I be-

lieve in my heart, that Mr. George Burroughs is a dreadful wizard."

Other witnesses told similar stories, all so ridiculous that it is amazing how they should have been listened to by a court of justice. The unfortunate prisoner said but little at his trial. He made some attempt to explain away the testimony against him, but became confused, and made contradictory statements. He also handed in a paper to the jury, in which he utterly denied that there was any truth in the received notions of witchcraft. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, and he was sentenced to die.

On the 19th of August, he was carried in a cart through the streets of Salem with the others who were to die. Upon the ladder, he made a calm and powerful address to the multitude, in which he asserted his innocence " with such solemn and serious expressions as were to the admiration of all present." He then made a prayer, concluding with the Lord's Prayer, which he repeated in a clear, sonorous tone, with entire exactness, and with a fervency that astonished. Many were affected to tears, and it seemed as if the spectators would hinder the execution. But the accusers cried, that the devil assisted him. The execution proceeded, and the husband, the father, and the minister of God, was violently sent to his long home. Cotton Mather, on horseback in the crowd, addressed the people, declaring that Burroughs was no ordained minister, insisted on his guilt, and asserted that the devil had often been transformed into an angel of light. When the body was cut down, it was dragged by the halter to a hole, and there interred with every mark of indignity.

A few weeks afterwards, fourteen persons of both sexes were tried, condemned, and executed. One of these, Samuel Wardwell, had confessed, and was safe ; but he retracted his confession, and was executed — not for witchcraft, but for denying witchcraft. Another victim, Martha Cory, protested her innocence to the last, and concluded her life with a prayer on the ladder. Her husband, Giles Cory, an octogenarian, seeing that no one escaped — knowing that a trial was but the form of convicting him of a felony, by which his estate would be forfeited, refused to plead, and was condemned to be pressed to death ; the only instance in which the horrible death by the common-law judgment, for standing mute on arraignment, has been inflicted in America. As the aged frame of the dying man yielded to the dreadful pressure, his tongue protruded from his mouth, and the sheriff thrust it back again with the point of his cane !

The parting scene between Mary Easty and her husband, children, and friends, is described as having been as serious, religious,

distinct, and affectionate as could well be expressed, drawing tears from the eyes of almost all present. She was hanged with the others. "There hang eight firebrands of hell," said Noyes, the minister of Salem, pointing to the bodies hanging on the gallows.

Although satisfactory to the malignant bigoted, these executions did not meet with universal approbation. The atrocities were too great to be endured, and served to raise a reaction against the witchcraft delusion. "The common mind of Massachusetts," observes Chandler, "more wise than those in authority and influence, became concentrated against such monstrous proceedings, and jurors refused to convict while the judicial power was yet unsatisfied with victims. Already twenty persons had suffered death; more than fifty had been tortured or terrified into confession; the jails were full, and hundreds were under suspicion. Where was this to end! Moreover, the frauds and imposture attending these scenes began to be apparent. It was observed that no one of the condemned, confessing witchcraft, had been hanged; no one who confessed and retracted a confession escaped either hanging or imprisonment for trial. Favoritism had been shown in refusing to listen to accusations which were directed against friends or partisans. Corrupt means had been used to tempt people to become accusers, and accusations began to be made against the most respectable inhabitants of the province and some ministers. It was also observed that the trials were not fairly conducted; they were but a form to condemn the accused. No one brought to the bar escaped, and all who were cried out upon expected death. The wife of the wealthiest person in Salem, a merchant, and a man of the highest respectability, being accused, the warrant was read to her in the evening in her bed-chamber, and guards were placed round the house. In the morning, she attended the devotions of her family, gave instructions for the education of her children, kissed them, commended them to God, bade them farewell, and committed herself to the sheriff, declaring her readiness to die. Such a state of things could not continue long in any age, whilst the essential elements of human nature remain the same. No wonder the miserable creatures who endured these sufferings felt that New England was indeed deserted by God."

The court made several attempts to go on with its trials, but the grand juries dismissed the cases, and the executions were accordingly stopped. "The causes of this change in public opinion," proceeds our authority, "are variously stated. Some attribute it to the fact, that the wife of the minister of Beverley being accused, he immediately changed his mind in regard to the propriety of the prose-

cutions, and thenceforward opposed, as zealously as he had previously encouraged them. Others relate that the wife of a gentleman in Boston being accused, he brought an action for slander, claiming a thousand pounds' damages; and that this turned back the current of accusations. But such causes were inadequate to the effect. These incidental facts were rather the result of the change that was taking place, than the cause of it. The force of public sentiment, which had hanged one minister, could scarcely have been resisted by the efforts of another. An action at law, sounding in damages, would hardly stop the mouths of accusing witnesses, who professed to have given themselves to the powers of darkness. The cause of the change is rather to be sought in the principles of our nature, and is to be found partly in that instinctive effort for self-preservation, which, in communities of individuals, unites the weak against oppression, and gives courage to the feeble and unprotected. A belief in witchcraft was one of the superstitions of the age; and the change of public sentiment, which now took place, was not so much a loss of faith in its reality, as a conviction of the uselessness and danger of punishing it by human laws. Of the causes of the transient delusion, which rose so high, and terminated so fatally, among the sober and godly people of New England, no definite explanation can, at this distance of time, be given; but their descendants may be allowed, in the same spirit of trust in Providence which distinguished them, to cherish the belief that it was permitted for purposes of wisdom and benevolence, which could not otherwise have been accomplished. When its work was done, it properly ceased. Such moral desolations often pass over the face of society; the thunder-storm does its work — the atmosphere becomes clear — the sun shines forth, and reveals to all the work of death.

"The change in the public mind was complete and universal. Bitter was the lamentation of the whole community for the sad consequences of their rashness and delusion; contrite the repentance of all who had been actors in the tragedy. The indignation of the people, not loud but deep and strong, was directed with resistless force against those who had been particularly active in these insane enormities. Parris, the minister who had been the chief agent in these acts of frenzy and folly, and who, beyond all question, made use of the popular feeling to gratify his own malignant feelings of revenge against obnoxious individuals, was compelled to leave his people. No entreaties were of any avail; the humblest confession could not save him; it was not fitting that he should minister at the altar of a merciful God, within sight of the graves of those whose entreaties for mercy he had despised. Noyes, the minister of Salem,

consecrated his life to deeds of mercy; made a full confession; loved and blessed the survivors whom he had injured; asked forgiveness of all, and was by all forgiven. Cotton Mather, by artful appeals and publications, in which he wilfully suppressed the truth, succeeded for awhile in deceiving the public, and perhaps himself, as to the encouragement he had given to the proceedings at Salem. Still eager 'to lift up a standard against the infernal enemy,' he got up a case of witchcraft in his own parish; but the imposture was promptly exposed to ridicule, and came to nothing. Mather died in 1727; his latter years being embittered by the contempt of many persons for his frenzied zeal in the witch prosecutions; and it would appear that, before his death, he had occasional doubts and qualms of conscience on the same grave subject."

The belief in witchcraft gradually died out in America, as it has done in this country, and only lingered a clandestine existence among the most ignorant in the community. Whether in England, Wales, and Scotland, the belief is yet utterly gone, may be perhaps doubted; for paragraphs occasionally appear in the newspapers descriptive of outrages committed on old women, who are supposed by the ignorant to practise diabolical incantations. Within our own recollection, which extends to the first decade of the present century, a belief in witchcraft was to a certain degree entertained in a small country town in Scotland. It was whispered about among children that a certain old woman was a witch, and could at pleasure transform herself into a hare, and enjoy rambles in the fields by moonlight; it was also firmly believed that, like all witches, she could fly through the air on a broomstick. In passing the thatched cottage of this poor creature, we were instructed by our companions to put our thumb across one of our fingers, as a preservative from harm — a curious relic of the old usage of making the figure of the cross. In the present day, what with reading and generally improved manners, the superstition has entirely vanished in the town to which we refer.

As a crime recognized and punishable by law, witchcraft was protracted till comparatively recent times in certain continental countries. So lately as 1780, a woman was condemned and executed for witchcraft in the Swiss canton of Glarus. While writing this (January, 1833), an account appears in a foreign journal, significant of the superstitious belief which still maintains its hold among the less-instructed classes in the north of Italy; and with this strange record of witchcraft in the nineteenth century, we may appropriately dismiss the subject: —

"A very singular case was a short time ago submitted to the Court of Justice of Rovigo, in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. Several

of the inhabitants of the island of Cherso had constructed a limekiln; but the fire, after burning constantly for twelve days, and thereby giving a promise that the operation would be a successful one, became suddenly extinguished, and all attempts to relight it failed. An old woman, named Anna Gurlan, who was considered a sorceress, was immediately suspected of having, by her charms, extinguished the fire, and it was stated that she had been seen walking in a mysterious way round the kiln, and had passed a night in an adjacent house. On this the people to whom the kiln belonged resolved that they would make the old woman undo her charm and relight the fire. In compliance with the request of one of them, Giuseppe Micich, she one morning went to the kiln, carrying with her a bottle of holy-water. She then began blessing the kiln and reciting litanies. While so engaged, a priest went to her, and told her that if she would remain until the fire should spring up again, he would pay her well. She asked if he thought she was a sorceress, or possessed of heavenly powers; and he answered, that she might probably be more favored by grace than he was. He then left her, and she continued her incantations. But as the fire did not return, Micich and his companions swore that they would kill and burn her if she did not succeed; and they assured her that they had an axe and a furnace ready. At the same time, they heaped maledictions on her for having, by her infernal arts, extinguished the fire. Greatly terrified, she implored them to have pity on her, and, when a favorable opportunity presented itself, she took to flight. The house to which she went was closed against her, and Micich and his companions, having gone in pursuit, seized her with great brutality, and threatened more violently than before to kill her if she would not put an end to the charm. She then began reciting prayers, but, as no effect was produced, the men deliberated as to what they should do. They at length resolved to consult a retired sea-captain, called the 'American,' from his having been to America, who possessed a great reputation in the neighborhood as an authority in matters of witchcraft. He refused to go, lest, as he said, the sorceress should bewitch his children, but he directed what should be done. In execution of his instructions, the old woman was placed on a chair close to the kiln; Micich then cut off a piece of her garments and a lock of her hair, and threw them both in the kiln, retaining, however, a portion of the hair, which he placed in his pocket; half an hour was then allowed to elapse: Micich then took his knife and made three cuts on her forehead, causing blood to flow abundantly; then another half-hour elapsed, and he made three cuts in the back part of the head; then another half-hour was suffered

to pass, and he made three cuts in the cartilage of her left ear. While all this was going on, she begged them, in the name of God, to kill her at once, sooner than subject her to such torture. At length, when they had, as she supposed, executed to the letter all the instructions of the American, they ceased to hold her, and she fled to a wood, where she wandered about all night. The next morning she went home, but the injuries she had sustained were such, that she was obliged to keep her bed for twenty-six days. After the facts had been proved, Micich, being called on by the court for his defence, gravely asserted that the kiln had been burning well enough until the old woman had been seen hanging about it; and he brought witnesses to prove that she was fond of talking in a mysterious way, and of meddling in her neighbors' affairs; that when she could not get what she wished for, she was accustomed to make threats of death against adults and children; and that more than once chance apparently caused her menaces to be fulfilled. The court condemned Micich to three months' imprisonment, and to pay an indemnity to the old woman."

From the *Athenaeum*.

Recollections of a Three Years' Residence in China; including Peregrinations in Spain, Morocco, Egypt, India, Australia, and New Zealand. By W. TYRONE POWER, D. A. C. G. Bentley.

"WRITTEN in Kaffaria" should have been added to the above title to make its cosmopolitan peculiarity complete — since our author in his preface assures us that the manuscript of this volume was produced in the intervals of Cape warfare, and that owing to the illegible penmanship of his former journals he has been obliged "to depend mainly" on a memory which (and no wonder!) he owns to have been "unsettled" by such frequent changes of place. His narrative, however, contains few chasms or marks of halting recollection. We have Tangerine Jewesses — Spanish bull-fighters — the picturesque architecture of Valetta which so delighted the eyes of Scott — the cheap literature of Cairo — and other topics — touched in turn as lightly and as brightly as if the author had turned from the window to the desk and written his impressions on the spot. Upwards of a hundred pages are thus filled ere we settle down in the celestial empire. From this point the chief interest of the book will be found in stories illustrating the curiosities of intercourse betwixt the natives and the barbarians. These may be added (with some difference of valuation) to the characteristic anecdotes sent home along with flower-seeds, bulbs, and cut-

tings by our conscientious and lively collector, the fortunate Mr. Fortune.

In the city of Amoy (says Mr. Power), we were frequently incommoded by the crowd which thronged the narrow streets to see us come out of the shops, and it was sometimes necessary to use our canes on their shins to remind them not to press too closely upon us — contact with the Celestials not being always desirable. Such admonitions on our part were always taken in good spirit by the majority who escaped. In fact, during the whole time I was in the northern parts of China I only heard of two or three instances of Chinamen offering the least resistance. One was at Amoy, soon after the Consulate was first established there, when the consul and his wife and a friend went out for the first time for a ride in the neighborhood. Near a large village a crowd collected, who, never having seen a European lady before, and never any female on horseback, were quite astonished and shocked at such an unheard-of exhibition. Some stones at last were thrown, probably by some of the fast young Chinamen as a lark, or not impossibly by some stanch old Conservative, intolerant of the "nouveau régime." The two gentlemen without entering into the merits of the case charged in to the thick of the mob, upsetting certain of the "patres conscripti," and putting to flight all the rest, except two unhappy rascals, who were captured, and who were brought, tied tail to tail, prisoners into the city, and handed over to the tender mercies of the Hai-Quan, the chief municipal officer. The Celestial dignitary had the trembling stone-propellers up before him, and while they bumped their foreheads on the floor with innumerable kotows, he generously offered the offended "Fanquis" to inflict any punishment they pleased upon the culprits, from docking their tails to simple bamboozing to death. How the poor wretches wished the stones had been red-hot when they meddled with them! and how imploringly they looked at the red devils, hoping that their decision would be merely a few hundred strokes of the bamboo, or a few months' confinement in the "kang," or movable pillory, in which they can neither stand, sit, nor lie down, except in the most painful attitudes. The "Fanquis," however, were peaceable men, and would have let them off for the fright and the warning not to do so any more; but they had some difficulty in bending the mandarin to the same lenient view of the case. They were finally dismissed, and a small fine imposed on the village. It is but fair to state that the "Fanquis" never met with any molestation afterwards, and when the villagers got used to seeing the lady ride about, and had an opportunity of making use of their eyes, she was known among them by the name of "Sooya," or beautiful, an epithet that did credit to their discrimination. The second instance of truculence I heard of was at Foo Choo Foo, just after the port was first opened to English trade. The city is a very large one, and being situated about sixty miles up the river Mici, it had probably never within the memory of man been openly visited by Europeans. The population had consequently the most exagger-

ated notion of the personal appearance and habits of the red devils. Even a year afterwards, when I visited it, there were the most extraordinary pictures and images of us it is possible to conceive. To return to my story;—just after the port was opened there landed at the city one of these barbarians, whose appearance scarcely belied their most exaggerated notions. Of Herculean proportions, the skipper also possessed a thatch of hair of the most violent red. His complexion, naturally sanguine, was deepened in tint by the hot sun and exercise. Immense crowds gathered round and followed him, at last obstructing his way so much, that, although the most good-natured man in the world, he found it necessary to pitch upon the biggest fellow in the mob, and give him a taste of discipline for the benefit of the rest. To his immense surprise, the Chinaman showed fight, and our red friend found it necessary to put in a tap or two, right and left, sufficiently persuasive to lay him on his back. Nothing daunted, the Chinaman came to the scratch again, full of game, but without a notion of science. The same result followed with somewhat severer punishment. A third time the Chinaman squared up, when our skipper, thinking it no longer advisable to play with him, put in a straight hit, with a force that would have felled an ox. This time the poor long-tail was completely shut up, and could not come to time. The skipper pitying the plight his ignorance had brought him into, and approving such an unusual exhibition of pluck, where it was so little to be looked for, threw him a dollar, and continued his way to the Consulate, without any further molestation from the mob, who, with a very creditable respect for fair play, had not attempted to interfere. The third instance occurred at Chusan. One day, myself and two others were taking a stroll into the country, when we came across the body of an exceedingly corpulent, but well-dressed and respectable-looking Chinaman—his heels on the road, and his body inclining down the bank of a paddy-field, into the mud and water of which his head was all but immersed. Conceiving that he had been attacked by apoplexy, we reversed the position of the body, and threw water into his face, while one of the three, a Scotch assistant-surgeon, busied himself in unfastening the various garments from round his neck. The old gentleman gradually opened his eyes, fixing on the surgeon a glance and a fish-like stare, that apparently had no speculation in it. Gradually he slipped his hand down to his feet, and taking off his shoe, he, with a suddenness and vigor one would have as soon expected from an apoplectic turtle, fetched the surgeon a whack on the forehead that laid him sprawling on his back, and very nearly into the paddy-field. I shall never forget the passive stolid look with which the Chinaman calmly contemplated the fall of his imaginary foe, or the furious astonishment and rage of the latter at being so unceremoniously interrupted in his benevolent labors. We had great difficulty in saving the Chinaman from being demolished by the irascible Scot, while our fat friend looked on at the struggle with the air of indifferent, benevolent good-nature of an elderly

gentleman, who likes to see young people amuse themselves. The fact was, the old fellow had evidently been at an early dinner party, and, overcome by the heat of the sun, and the strength of the Samtsin, he was now in a beastly state of intoxication. We got some Coolies from a neighboring field to take charge of the old fellow, to see him safely to his home in the village close by, where I hope he is still living to tell his grandchildren how valiantly he defended himself from the nefarious attack of the red devil.

Our author does not conceive that the course and competition of European missionaries in China is likely to inspire these strange, timid, ceremony-bound people with any great veneration for Barbarian sense or respect for Barbarian ideas. It is evident, however, that change (if not light also) is forcing itself among the Chinese—through chinks, and cracks, and crevices, as it were—rather than by any steady process which gradually opens the door and wears down the wall of prejudices that has lasted since the flood. Our author's recollections may acquire an adventitious interest at the present moment, when, owing to home-rebellions in the flowery land, Opium and Tea bid fair again to become momentous articles of debate. The nature of the book, however, as above stated by the author himself, deprives it of any value as authority. As a piece of light reading, it may beguile half an hour not unpleasantly.

From Household Words.

LIFE AND DEATH.

"WHAT IS LIFE, FATHER?"

"A Battle, my child,

Where the strongest lance may fail,
Where the warriest eyes may be beguiled,
And the stoutest heart may quail.

Where the foes are gathered on every hand
And rest not day nor night,
And the feeble little ones must stand
In the thickest of the fight."

"WHAT IS DEATH, FATHER?"

"The rest, my child,

When the strife and toil are o'er,
And the angel of God, who, calm and mild,
Says we need fight no more;
Who driveth away the demon band,
Bids the din of the battle cease;
Takes the banner and spear from our falling
hand,
And proclaims an eternal peace."

"Let me die, Father! I tremble. I fear
To yield in that terrible strife!"

"The crown must be won for Heaven, dear,
In the battle-field of life;
My child, though thy foes are strong and tried,
He loveth the weak and small;
The Angels of Heaven are on thy side,
And God is over all."

From Chambers' Journal.

SECRETS EXPOSED.

ALL who are in the habit of reading the *Times* must be familiar with a class of advertisements, of which one appears from time to time, consisting of what are mere appearances of words, and therefore utterly unintelligible to the public at large. We readily suppose that one of these lunatic-looking compositions is a communication from some person to some person, significant to them by virtue of some previous understanding, but designedly mysterious to every other person. We generally pass them over quickly, as eccentricities which it would be vain to dwell upon, reflecting, at the most — "Well, there is some one who will look eagerly for this singular missive, and perhaps look brighter when it comes; we are not of their counsels. Let us see, how are stocks?" and so we turn the leaf, and think of them no more. There is, however, an ingenious person of our acquaintance, who, being anxious to invent a cipher-writing which may serve for the use of the public in connection with a certain public mode of communication, has condescended to look into these strange advertisements, with a view to ascertain if they involve any plan of which he may avail himself; and he has contrived to interpret all which he has as yet studied. He finds them, indeed, much less recondite than could have been expected; or he says so — the fact possibly being, that what proves easy to his penetrating mind, might be troublesome enough to most other people. However this may be, he has obligingly shown us several of the letters, with their translations, and the keys to the ciphers in which they are written; and he has added to the favor by allowing us to bring them forward here for the purpose of affording a little, as we hope, of innocent amusement.

So lately as last Saturday — 13th August, 1853 — the following appeared in the sixth column of the *Times* : —

KENSINGTON. — Ftnf ftq nqzf ar qhqdik
ymze yuzp etagxp nq raxxaiqp uz tue qpgomfuaz
mzp az tue pqefuzmfuaz uz xurq ue azq ar ftq
ymjaye ituat tme nqz arfqz dqbqmfgp ngt iftuat
omzaf nq mpyuffqp iuftafg ymkz dqeflnofuaze.

The enigma seems to the unpractised mind impenetrable. After we learn that it is very common, in writing of this kind, merely to take, instead of each letter, some other at a certain distance from it along an endless chain of the alphabet, it is not difficult at least to make a tolerably hopeful effort to solve the mystery. Our friend takes, we shall say, the word *tue*, and sets the three letters down a vertical row. Then from each he makes a series of the letters of the alphabet, following that one, as follows : —

t u v w x y z a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s
u v w x y z a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t
e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z a b c d

Casting his eye along these lines, he seeks for a vertical row forming an English word, and soon finds at the fourteenth place onward the word *his*, which chances to be the only independent word presented. He, therefore, at once surmises that the principle of this cipher is to take instead of each real letter the twelfth letter backward in an endless alphabetic chain — fourteen and twelve making up the number of the letters of the English alphabet. He finds, on applying the principle, that a sensible piece of composition results — namely, the following : —

Kensington. — That the bent of every man's mind should be followed in his education, and on his destination in life, is one of the maxims which has been often repeated, but which cannot be admitted without many restrictions.

Thus he becomes sure that the right principle has been hit upon.

It would appear that in this case there has been nothing concerned beyond a whimsical exercise of ingenuity between two persons; for, on the ensuing Wednesday, after this paper had been written, another article of the correspondence appeared, of which the following is the interpretation : —

KENSINGTON. — Your cipher is made out; but such good maxims should be written in plain English, that all might benefit.

We can only say that we heartily echo the sentiment.

Sometimes the transposition of the letters is on a more difficult plan. In the *Times* of 9th July last, the following appeared : —

Qbe'bl. — zauoyhgk — zahgdy — iel'ybgny —
Khxebgn dbgk — Mh'gs — suox — elzlx — fs —
yuel — jugyuehzbug — Koxbgn — pushnl — ql —
hxl — um. glplx — kuoiz — fs — eupl mux suo —
nuk. iely — suo. Khxebgn.

Here the first seven letters of the alphabet are represented each by the one seventh from it in advance — *a* by *h*, *b* by *i*, and so on; while the next seven in their turn are represented by the first seven — *h* by *a*, *i* by *b*, and so on. Then the next six are represented by the last six — *o* by *u*, *p* by *v*, and so on; and the last six by the second last six — *u* by *o*, *v* by *p*, and so on. The result is : —

Willie. Thousand thanks. Blessings, darling kind Fanny. Your letter my sole consolation during voyage. We are off. Never doubt my love for you. God bless you, darling.

Troublesome, however, as the cipher is, it seems to have been solved, for on the 13th of the same month appeared the following :

Willie, your letter is again guessed! Try once more!! — FANNY.

On the 1st of July last, the following appeared in the *Times* :—

* nb wziornt blfi ovvgvi nfxs xlmhlovw nv
kivkzirmt gl ulcoold nb nlgsvih olevw ivnzrmh.
Ovg fh vevi pvvk rm ervd gszg yovhhvw hzerlfi
gl dslu blf wrivxg nv, — gsvm dv nzb rmwvww
xzokfozgv fklm szkkrmvhhgynklizo, — vgvimzo.
Nb hrlgvi rh hzwob wrhgvihhvw, hsv hvmwh
svi olev. Nb yrigrswzb rh gsv vovervmgs lu
ziftfhg. Yv mlg wrhzzklrmgvw ru gsv urihg
hsflov mlg zodzbh yirmt gsv ovvgvi zh rg rh
wruurxfog gl tvg gsvm rm gsv vczxg wzb. R
mvevi hzd nb nlgsvi zugvi ovzermt blf, mlg
vevm rm wvzgs zh gsv xluurm dzh xolhw
yvullv r zirevrv Dirgv gl nv zh lugvm zh blf
xzm zh rg rh nb lmob kovzhfv * r szez blfi
kvmmro. *

You may try this mystery on the same principle as the preceding ; but you will find every effort fail. It is evidently composed on some different plan. Well, how to find this out ? For this purpose it is necessary to bear in mind a few peculiarities of the English language. *E* is the most frequent letter. The double vowels that most frequently occur are *ea* and *ou*. The consonants most common at the ends of words are *r*, *s*, and *t*. The letters most commonly doubled in our language are *c*, *o*, *l*, and *s*. The letters that most commonly follow double vowels are *l*, *m*, *n*, and *r*. The single letters, serving as words are *A*, *I*, and *O*. These are facts generally applicable in the business of decipherment. To apply them as far as necessary in this particular case, we commence by making up a table of the number of times each of the letters occurs, as follows :—

The letter *V* occurs 68 times.

"	"	R	"	35	"
"	"	Z	"	33	"
"	"	G	"	43	"
"	"	L	"	33	"
"	"	H	"	35	"
"	"	I	"	27	"
"	"	M	"	27	"
"	"	O	"	24	"
"	"	W	"	20	"
"	"	N	"	17	" &c.

A compositor, recollecting how large a space in his case the letter *e* occupies, would be at no loss to decide that *e* represents that letter in the cipher. Here is a great leap to a solution. It might not be possible to decide in the same manner upon *r*, *z*, *g*, *l*, and *h*, which occur so nearly the same number of times ; but he might make a good guess at the five real letters represented by *r*, *z*, *g*, *l*, and *h*, since they must be the five used next in degree of frequency after *e*, and these are *i*, *a*, *t*, *o*, and *s*. Every one, as well as the compositor, knows how frequently the word *the* occurs in the English language. Let us look for an oft-repeated word of three letters in the

cipher. We find *g*, *s*, *v*, five times. This must be *the*. The *v*, in the third place, supports the surmise. Therefore we may assume *g* to be *t*, and *s* to be *h*. We have now got a good basis to work upon. *R* occurs three times as a word. It must either be *A* for the indefinite article, or *I* for the personal pronoun ; most likely the latter, as in an epistle *I* is more frequent of occurrence than *A*. We have now come near to a belief that four of the letters of the alphabet are represented in this cipher as follows :—

e	h	i	t
v	s	r	g

It becomes rather remarkable, that when we place the upper series in the order of the alphabet, the lower reads in the contrary order. Can it be that the cipher simply consists in using the alphabet in its reverse order ? When we observe three occurrences of the word *zh* in one sentence, and remember how frequent are such words of two letters as *an* and *as*, the surmise seems highly plausible. Tried by this plan, the communication reads as follows :—

My darling, your letter much consoled me, preparing to follow my mother's loved remains. Let us ever keep in view that blessed Saviour to whom you direct me. Then we may indeed calculate upon happiness temporal—eternal. My sister is sadly distressed. She sends her love. My birthday is the eleventh of August. Be not disappointed if the first should not always bring the letter, as it is difficult to get them in the exact day. I never saw my mother after leaving you, not even in death, as the coffin was closed before I arrived. Write to me as often as you can, as it is my only pleasure. *I have your pencil.*

We learn from this extraordinary letter, that a correspondence has been arranged between the parties—a letter to appear from one party in the *Times* on the 1st of every month, or as near thereafter as might suit the convenience of the paper. The small matter of the pencil is either a curious piece of trifling, or a mystic allusion to something of importance. An answer appeared on the 3d July, written in the same cipher, but in the French language :—“*Tout est compris. Ecrivez en chiffre, et retdez moi mon crayon.*” That is : “All is comprehended. Write in cipher, and return my pencil.”

In the letter of the 1st August, it will be found that some fear had begun to be entertained for the cipher being understood. It reads in plain English, as follows :—

My dearest A., your long-expected letter at last arrived. I think you were wrong in promising your sister to write so seldom. Pray remember what you promised me when you go to sea. You forgot to send me figures for words ; do so, especially for the small ones and those

which occur most often. I did not send the books. Cumming's is a clever work. I wish I were with you to read together. My sister is better; she is living at Cheshunt; but the house will be kept on. I expect to go to Scotland in a week; but write as before. * is well. I gave him what you sent, and envied him. I look forward to the eleventh. God bless you. Your Own *.

In the *Times* of the 19th, a reply was given in substantially the same cipher, but with a few slight peculiarities introduced, apparently those which had been called for in the preceding epistle. Thus, a few figures are brought in here and there, instead of such words as *the* and *that*, but without adding in the least to the difficulty. The first personal pronoun is also attached to the neighboring word. We cannot say that the parties compliment the public very highly as to the degree of sagacity or penetration it is presumed to possess. It now appears that the writer has migrated to the north, and to a little village too where it cannot be very difficult to identify him. The letter is as follows:—

My darling, need I say how delighted I was to receive your letter of dear remembrance on my birthday? I beg you not to think I wrote under any irritation. I fear my letters being read by others. I confined myself to facts and events. I am now at Amulrie, near Dunkeld, Perthshire. You had better write as before. I did not blame you for adhering to your promise, or for making it. If you knew the gladness your letters bring me, you would forgive any hastiness. God bless you for all the kindness and love they manifest. I am down here reading amid beautiful scenery. I will collect the ferns. How shall I send them? Give Mag my love. Tell her I don't agree with her about her conduct. I have not seen our dear friend. Your letter did not arrive till the 13th. So I could not send this before. Write soon, that I may answer on the 1st, if possible. As ever Your Own *.

A poet might fructify over this correspondence. A gentleman gone to "read" in the Highlands. A lady left at home in the south, involved probably among adverse relations. A birthday indicated, to be dreamt over. To receive one of these mysterious epistles is the only solace of life. What pathos in, "If you knew the gladness your letters occasion, you would forgive any hastiness!" It is a hinted romance.

In February last, there appeared a correspondence in which the cipher consisted in representing each letter by the twenty-second onward, in an endless chain—*a* by *v*, *b* by *w*, and so on. The first letter was:—

CENERENTOLA.—I wish to try if you can read this, and am most anxious to hear the end, when you return, and how long you remain here. Do write a few lines, darling, please. I have been very far from happy since you went away.

Next came, after more than a week of interval:—

CENERENTOLA.—Until my heart is sick have I tried to frame an explanation for you, but cannot. Silence is safest, if the true cause is not suspected. If it is, all stories will be sifted to the bottom. Do you remember our cousin's first proposition? Think of it.

The third letter was given a week later, in plain language; and, from its tone, our ingenious friend the decipherer thinks it must have been sent by some one who had been able to interpret the first two letters, and who chose to come in as a Marplot. We do not, however, see any strong reason for this surmise.

CENERENTOLA.—What nonsense! Your cousin's proposition is absurd. I have given an explanation—the true one—which has perfectly satisfied both parties—a thing which silence never could have effected. So no more such absurdity.

Our friend has made it tolerably evident that jests are sometimes practised through the medium of cipher advertisements. For example, he finds in the *Times* of the 10th February, 1852, the following mystic *annonce*:—

Tig tjohw it tig jfhiwola og tig psgvw. F. D. N.
The key to this has been one of the most difficult to find out. We take the first word, *Tig*; and under the second letter place that which precedes it in the alphabet—namely, *h*; then under the third letter, in succession backwards, the two preceding letters; thus—

T i g
h f
e

In like manner arrange the second word and the connected letters, and we obtain the following:—

t j o h w
i n g v
m f u
e t
s

By following the oblique line of italic letters, we get the words *The Times*. When all the words are so adjusted, we read an insinuation against the *Times* which we trust it will be able to bear, as it has borne so much of a less mystic hostility:—

The Times is the Jefferies of the press.

We have a hope to express—namely, that the respectable ladies and gentlemen who have hitherto chosen to open their hearts to each other through the medium of a public journal of vast circulation, will be put upon their guard by the present paper, and see that some profounder mode of cryptography must be assumed if they would not have their secrets exposed to every person possessing a certain degree of ingenuity and patience.

From the Morning Chronicle.

SPEECHES BY THE RIGHT HON. THOMAS
BABINGTON MACAULAY, M. P.*

WE owe much to America. Not content with charming us by the works of her native genius, she teaches us also to appreciate our own. She steps in between the timidity of a British author and the fastidiousness of the British public, and by using her "good offices" brings both parties to a friendly understanding. It was Germany, we are told, that first taught us the true merits of Shakespeare. From Mr. Redfield we learn to know and admire Macaulay.

It is curious, indeed, to trace the steps by which some of our distinguished popular writers have trod their way to literary renown. It is gained, not in virtue of their exertions, but in spite of them. Their greatness comes upon them unawares. They lie down at night well pleased to be the nameless authors of transitory essays. They wake in the morning, and find themselves classics. First, we may suppose, the youthful essayist, diffident of his powers, sends his contribution to one of our many periodicals; perhaps to the "Monthly Critic," possibly (if his heart be made of "sterner stuff") to the *Edinburgh Review*. His article appears. He thinks himself happy. His goal is reached. But there is in store for him a celebrity of which he little dreams. Some lynx-eyed Redfield from the other side of the Atlantic has caught sight of the modest pages, and detects in them at a glance the seeds of immortality, possibly of a successful speculation. In a few days, from 110 and 112, Nassau-street, New York, they are travelling far and wide, over the vast continent, unshackled (in these days of freedom) by any cramping copyright act. They go forth no longer anonymous, "with all their imperfections on their head"—all those little blemishes "*quas aut incuria fudit, aut humana parum cavit natura*"—to stand their trial in the broad glare of public criticism. An importation into England is threatened. The terrified "author in his own despite," not unnaturally wishing "that his writings, if they are read, may be read in an edition freed at least from errors of the press, and from slips of the pen," is compelled to issue an authorized republication in London. His countrymen gladly welcome him back from his apprenticeship in America, and Mr. Redfield has the satisfaction of knowing that he has by a single stroke of policy pocketed many dollars, and raised a deserving man to the pedestal of fame. Listen to the testimony of Sir James Stephen—"It has seemed good," he complains, "to certain American booksellers to publish, with my name, repeated editions of a series of those contributions which I had destined to early forgetfulness. I am thus an author in my own despite." So it was with Mr. Macaulay's famous "Essays," as we may learn from his own preface. So it was, too, with the graceful and witty verses of his distinguished Cambridge contemporary, William Mackworth

* Speeches by the Right Hon. Thomas Babington Macaulay, M. P. New York: J. S. Redfield, 110 and 112, Nassau-street.

Praed, of whom so many bright hopes were formed, cut short by his early death, even if their fulfilment had not been rendered doubtful by his constitutional indolence. And so, finally, has it been with these two volumes of "Speeches," which have often delighted the House of Commons, and which we are now enabled—thanks to Mr. Redfield's generosity—to make our own by the outlay of only twelve shillings.

In this case, also, as in the former, American coercion has proved triumphant. Mr. Macaulay has again succumbed. Messrs. Longman have already issued their advertisements announcing the speedy publication, under their auspices, of these tempest-tossed speeches, with the additional advantage of the author's own revision. Still we can hardly suppose that the "winged words" will be seriously clipped or altered. It would be unjust to accuse Mr. Redfield of forgery as well as appropriation. Indeed, since the volumes before us profess to give a mere transcript of the stern realities of Hansard, we may fairly assume that we possess in them a tolerably correct representation of the original; and we trust, therefore, that our remarks will not appear premature if even now we invite the attention of our readers to some of the main characteristics of the speeches, the merits of which, though long acknowledged, have, we believe, been greatly misunderstood.

It has been the fashion with some to speak of Mr. Macaulay's oratorical performances as mere displays of rhetoric. They think they have sufficiently discussed his claims when they have set him down for a rhetorician. Now, if by a rhetorician they mean a mere man of words, one who can tickle the ears of his audience by skillfully poised antitheses, round off a succession of sentences with Isocratean elegance, and conceal the barrenness of their ideas and the scantiness of their matter beneath the gaudy drapery of imposing periods—if this be their meaning, and it is a meaning which many affect to give, we can only say that, whatever they may know about the force of words, they know nothing of Mr. Macaulay. A rhetorician he unquestionably is, and much to his honor is it that he is so. Why this jealousy, this pretended contempt of rhetoric? Is it really a silly trifle, too insignificant to be noticed by practical men? There are few things more absurd than the intellectual "cries" which from time to time usurp a sway over the judgments of our countrymen. Sometimes there is a cry for "simplicity." Every shade of ornament is treason against the pure nakedness of truth. This folly is probably due in some measure to a mistaken idea of the character of our great Lake Poet, who was himself, it must be confessed, by no means free from the taint. It is possible for simplicity to degenerate into absurdity; at least, it may appear such to uninitiated minds. Which of the two names would more accurately describe the last stanza in "Peter Bell?"

And Peter Bell, who till that night
Had been the wildest of his clan,
Forsook his crimes, renounced his folly;
And, after ten months' melancholy,
Became a good and honest man.

But if the cry for simplicity may be pushed to absurdity, far more hateful is the cry for "philosophy," for profound meaning in every word. By this code, to call a day "fine" is simply prosaic. The word presents no picture. Any Lincolnshire ploughman could hail you with "A fine day, sir!" No, you must call it "white-robed," "hope-bringing," "pleasure-throbbing," or add some other equally judicious compound—and be careful to apply the same rule to all connecting particles—and then you are a poet. Our admiration for Mr. Tennyson is very great; but we cannot help thinking that he has been to some extent instrumental in bringing in this unhealthy style of writing. He has grand ideas at the bottom of his works. His imitators catch the outward feature, invent the compound epithet, and believe that they have struck out a "picture" recommended by all the charm of terseness. These gentlemen should know that five or six fresh "pictures" in a single sentence may possibly confuse and obscure the brightness of the one which was intended to occupy the central position.

But, perhaps, the most absurd "cry" of all—and one much in vogue at the present day—is the cry for truth and reality. "Let us have plain English common sense," is the demand. "We are practical men. We want no appeals to the imagination."

What strange notions of truth and common sense these practical men must enjoy! If a speaker gives a careful digest of the state of the shares of the new Indian railway, he is speaking to the point; he is worth hearing; he is stating facts. But if he attempts for one minute to draw a picture of the general condition of India, its laws, its various nations, with their different customs, social and religious—and if, as in such a case is necessary, he draws on his imagination and that of his hearers—all this is mere talk, waste of time, foolish display. Why does he not sit down and make room for some statistic-crammed director?

Is it not plain that rhetoric is useful as a means to an end? Men are swayed by different influences. If you have to deal with a practical man of business, give him plenty of good dry logic. If he be a man of quick feelings, lead him by his passions. Work upon his sense of justice and wrong. If he delights in metaphysical scepticism, beware of giving a short common-sense answer, but impress upon him the duty and the privilege of fully realizing the great fact of the absolute subjectivity of all our ideas of the Infinite—and you have him captive at your will. If his mind is disposed to conjure up images for itself, then draw him by his imagination. And what is this last art but rhetoric? We do not know that its province could be better defined than has been done by Lord Bacon. "The duty and office of rhetoric," he says, "is to apply reason to imagination for the better moving of the will." There are those whose will cannot be greatly influenced by this engine. There are many who are its slaves. With some men it is a trivial toy, with others a potent weapon.

Now what is the nature of Mr. Macaulay's rhetoric? Unless we are much deceived, his

speeches are distinguished by one great merit, not now very fashionable—that of being founded upon some broad and comprehensive principle. The sentiments which he expresses are the result of much reflection. He does not extemporize an opinion because he is forced to speak—he speaks because he has some well-matured opinion to deliver. He does not employ his ready flow of language merely to satisfy the demand of the moment, or value his knowledge solely as a means of disguising ignorance. He is not satisfied with fluent ingenuity. He will have nothing but deep thought and deliberation. Whenever he speaks, you may be sure that he will treat the question on grounds of general expediency, not of party interest. He will try it by certain fixed principles, which are the guides of his political conduct. He will not enter into minute details. Those he leaves to others. He will bring the force of history and experience to bear upon the subject for discussion. He will show that the same question, as a matter of principle, has often been mooted in earlier times; and will point out vividly the consequences which resulted from the course then adopted. "He is a great reconciler of the new with the old." He reminds us of what we are too apt to forget, that the things which are happening now have happened aforetime, and that their records were written for our instruction. His learning is immense, but "never tyrannizes over his common sense." He uses it as a servant, not as a despot. It is at every moment available, to suggest, to illustrate, and to guide.

These are excellences which a literary life alone can give. The man who from his earliest youth is hurried into politics, and engrossed with the machinery of official details, has scarcely time to meditate much upon general principles. He must continually be thinking of what is next to be done, rather than of what has been, or what in the nature of things *ought to be*. He gives too much to business, and too little to history and philosophy. The present monopolizes his thoughts, to the neglect of the past and the immutable. In fact, the practical part of his nature domineers over the contemplative. On the other hand, his manner of life confers and exercises that peculiar faculty which we can only describe as "tact," that instinctive insight into what is suitable at the moment, which reflection often only obscures. By continued converse with his fellow-men, he, almost unconsciously, studies their characters, and before they have spoken discerns what they think. Thus he frequently sees intuitively what course is to be followed, without, perhaps, being able to give sound philosophical reasons for its adoption.

And this is precisely the kind of education calculated to form a brilliant orator. He must have quick sympathy with his audience, scrutinize their feelings at a glance, adapt himself to them, humor their prejudices while he aims to dispel them, and vary the spirit of his address with every shifting phase of their impressions.

Now, we cannot think that the literary life is well suited to bestow these peculiar gifts. It exercises the reason, liberalizes the mind, enlarges the conception, but it does not sharpen the practical powers. The historian and the philosopher

are rarely, if ever, found in perfect union with the popular orator or powerful debater. If Cicero had carried out his intention of writing the history of his country, what glowing pictures would it have contained, what magnificent portraits of Scipio and Camillus, what brilliant episodes, how little simple narrative! On the other hand, what a noble orator might Livy have been if he had discerned his proper calling, and if the Rome of his day had afforded an open field for oratorical efforts!

Burke must have been great and marvellous in whatever he attempted. But the empty green benches showed that he was too wise for his generation. "He was ignorant or negligent of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacities and tastes of his hearers."

Mr. Macaulay's intellect has little in common with Burke's; nor can he complain of meeting with a similar reception in the House of Commons. When he rises, it is the signal for general expectation. The lobbies, the library, are deserted. The benches are speedily crowded. The telegraph soon flashes the news to the clubs and opera houses. Drowsy members forget to nod; or, if they do, it is in hearty approbation. But though he is ever heard with delight, it is a different delight from that which followed the great efforts of Fox and Sheil. You are astonished and charmed, rather than touched. You feel that the great magician views the subject from quite another point from that which satisfies almost all the other speakers. While they are thinking of the division, he is enforcing the principle. While they are weighing the prospects of Lord J. Russell and Mr. Disraeli, he is thinking of Lord Rockingham and Charles Townsend, or comparing Sir C. Wood with Chancellor of the Exchequer Dashwood. He is still the great essayist, pouring forth masses of instruction sparkling in the most brilliant language. It is the lecture of a professor rather than the appeal of an associate. He addresses himself too much to the imagination, and not enough to the passions; and thus, though he may convince and captivate the intellect, he does not storm the heart. How different from the fiery fury of Chatham on the resistance of America, or the splendid pathos of Mr. Sheil on the Irish Municipal Bill! Indeed, Mr. Macaulay's chief defect as an orator is that he is too intellectual. He speaks from an eminence, not from the level of his audience. The convictions which he expresses are most sincere, but they are evidently the product of his understanding rather than of his feelings. He denounces slavery, not so much from an inward moral hatred of oppression, and compassion for suffering, as because his reason tells him that it is fatal to the rights and advancement of man, while his imagination draws a fearfully true picture of the horrors which it entails.

If we are thus constrained to deny him the first rank in the noble army of the masters of declamation, we shall have less difficulty in refusing him admittance to the godly fellowship of debaters. A great debater he assuredly is not; though even in this department he is far from destitute of claims to our respect. Look, for example, at the skill with which, in his first speech on the Reform

Bill, he replies to Sir R. Inglis' theory of "virtual representation," and to the assertion that the old system "works well:"—"If it be said that there is an evil in change as change, I answer that there is also an evil in discontent as discontent." Again, his speech on the sugar duties, in February, 1845, brilliant and most masterly as it is in its general character, possesses, even as a *debating* effort, very considerable merits. But ordinarily it is otherwise. His warmest admirers must admit that this is not the line in which Mr. Macaulay excels.

In truth the science of debate is one of a most peculiar nature, and requires in its disciples a singular combination of faculties, moral and intellectual, many of which, be it observed, are by no means the exclusive property of the greatest minds. It demands boldness and self-possession, subtlety and shrewdness of intellect, tempered with strong common sense to preserve the speaker from hypercritical refinements. It demands clearness in arrangement and expression; a ready fund of wit, or, in default of this, an overwhelming earnestness of manner; and, above all, that readiness and exceeding keenness of apprehension—the *ἀγχινοια* of the Greek philosophers—that is never for a moment at a loss; ever keeping watch in full armor at its post. It demands also, as we have said before, intense sympathy with, and consequent command over, the feelings of the audience; coolness yet instantaneousness in planning the attack; ardor, and even passion in executing it. The blows must fall thick, heavy, rapid. The barrel must fire, revolve, and fire again. Each fortress of the enemy must be stormed in detail, and all the forces at command unsparingly concentrated upon each. Napoleon's well-known tactics are everywhere irresistible. After the battle of Austerlitz, an interview took place between Savary, his ambassador, and the Emperor of Russia. Alexander paid a just tribute to the wonderful genius of his conqueror, but contended that the French army was at least double his own. "Your Majesty is misinformed," replied Savary; "our force was inferior to yours by at least twenty-five thousand men. But we manœuvred much; and the same division combated at many points." So should it be in debate. Even with a weak cause to defend, a great debater may often damage a formidable antagonist. He is like the sword-fish to the whale. Superior activity and command of weapons compensate for inferiority in strength. The point of attack must never for an instant be doubtful. The onset must be incessantly sustained. If a principle is to be laid down, if an anecdote is to be related, it must be done with the utmost brevity, and the application to the point under discussion immediately enforced. Disquisition in such a case is clearly out of place. The object is, not to investigate truth, but to gain the speaker's point. To attain this he must admit no hesitation, no compromise, no balancing of merits—we had almost said, no moderation. He must keep his end in direct view, and strain every nerve to grasp it.

From what we have before said it will be seen that Mr. Macaulay is not, in our belief, eminently distinguished by the possession of these faculties. His mind, it is true, is essentially critical.

Messrs. R. Montgomery and Croker are living proofs that he is not wholly devoid of sarcasm. But as Mr. Duplex required the calm of the cabinet for the full exercise of his versatile powers, and complained that the whistle of cannon-balls interfered with the repose essential to the equilibrium of his intellect, so we think that Mr. Macaulay, as a critic, is more formidable at his writing-table than in the battle-field of the House of Commons. His brilliant wit and lively illustrations demand time and elbow-room to secure their fair development.

There is one characteristic of these speeches which we notice with much pleasure: they are singularly free from bitterness and personalities. And yet the orator has witnessed and borne a part in stormy debates. The Reform Bill, the ejection of his party from office, the credit of free trade measures passing to Sir Robert Peel — all these and many others, are occasions on which a whig might have been excused for expressing himself with warmth. But throughout these two volumes there is not, so far as we have observed, a single hard expression which Mr. Macaulay need wish recalled; while there are many instances in which he has paid graceful tributes to the integrity and pure motives of the men from whom he felt himself called upon to differ.

There is a most marked similarity—even in words—between his speeches and his essays. If it be true that "Nature never repeats herself," then is Mr. Macaulay no true follower of nature. He very often repeats himself. The speech of March, 1830, on the Civil Disabilities of the Jews, is the unequivocal offspring of the Essay of 1829. Never was the identity of the parent more manifest. The style and the arguments are not similar but the same. In his speeches and essays alike, Mr. Macaulay is fond of continual illustration, whether by reference to history, or by allusion to matters and implements of every-day life. He is never more at home than when producing lively analogies in the style of Plato. His celebrated criticism of Mr. Gladstone's "Church and State" is full of these. His speeches abound in them.

Out of many, we will select a most characteristic passage from his fine speech on the East India Bill, July 10, 1833. It is far more elaborate and comprehensive than the one which he delivered a few weeks ago on the same subject. But the ideas will be recognized as kinsmen. We would recommend the remarks on examination tests to Lord Ellenborough's serious attention:—

It is proposed that for every vacancy in the civil service four candidates shall be named, and the best candidate elected by examination. We conceive that, under this system, the persons sent out will be young men above par—young men superior, either in talents or in diligence, to the mass. It is said, I know, that examinations in Latin, in Greek, and in Mathematics, are no tests of what men will prove to be in life. I am perfectly aware that they are not infallible tests; but that they are tests I confidently maintain. Look at every walk of life—at this house—at the other house—at the bar—at the bench—at the Church—and see whether it be not true, that those who attain high distinction are generally men who were distinguished in their academic career. Indeed,

sir, this objection would prove far too much even for those who use it. It would prove that there is no use at all in education. Why should we put boys out of their way? Why should we force a lad, who would much rather fly a kite, or trundle a hoop, to learn his Latin grammar? Why should one keep a young man to his Theuzydes or his Laplace, when he would much rather be shooting? Education would be mere useless torture if, at two or three and twenty, a man who has neglected his studies were exactly on a par with a man who has applied himself to them—exactly as likely to perform all the offices of public life with credit to himself and with advantage to society. Whether the English system of education be good or bad is not now the question. Perhaps I may think that too much time is given to the ancient languages and to the abstract sciences. But what then? Whatever be the languages—whatever be the sciences which it is, in any age or country, the fashion to teach, those who become the greatest proficient in those languages and those sciences, will generally be the flower of the youth—the most acute—the most industrious—the most ambitious of honorable distinctions. If the Ptolemaic system were taught at Cambridge instead of the Newtonian, the senior wrangler would nevertheless be in general a superior man to the wooden spoon. If, instead of learning Greek, we learned the Cherokee, the man who understood the Cherokee best, who made the most correct and melodious Cherokee verses, who comprehended most accurately the effect of the Cherokee particles, would generally be a superior man to him who was destitute of these accomplishments. If astrology were taught at our universities, the young man who cast nativities best would generally turn out a superior man. If alchymy were taught, the young man who showed most activity in the pursuit of the philosopher's stone would generally turn out a superior man.

We think that Mr. Macaulay's nice perception of art should have taught him that so many analogies heaped upon one another are not unlikely to dull the point of each. His hearers, we feel sure, would have been satisfied even if the discourse on astrology and alchymy, lively as it is, had been omitted. But the whole passage is eminently characteristic, and the humorous introduction of Cherokee particles not a little happy.

In his speech on the 1st of June last, which reintroduced him to Parliament, we find him quite unchanged. His fancy is as fertile as ever. In reply to the argument that the Master of the Rolls is paid to give his whole time to the performance of his official duties—that it is desirable to enforce a division of labor—and that he ought not to waste his time in Parliamentary business—the orator declares with great force:—

I deny that this is an argument of any weight whatever. I say that the principle of a division of labor is one of great value and importance; but it is one which can be most easily abused. You can hardly carry it too far in matters mechanical; but you may easily carry it too far in the higher operations of labor and in matters of intellect. I do not doubt that in pin-making, as Adam Smith has said, the pins will be best made where one man makes the head, and another cuts the wire, and another rolls it up, and another sharpens the point. But I do not believe that Michael Angelo would have been a greater painter if he had not

been a sculptor. I do not believe that Newton would have been a greater experimental philosopher if he had never been a mathematician and a logician. And I do not believe that a man would be a worse lawgiver because he is a great judge. On the contrary, I believe that there is as close a connection between the functions of the legislator and those of the judge as there is between anatomy and surgery; and it would be as absurd to exclude the judge from taking a part in legislation as it would be absurd to exclude a surgeon from the practice of anatomy, and for people to say, if they were looking out for the best surgeon, that they would have one who knew nothing of anatomy.

We must find room for one more passage as a specimen of Mr. Macaulay's declamation in his younger days. It is taken from the peroration of his first great speech on the Reform Bill, March 2, 1831. After inveighing with singular vehemence against the folly of those who, heedless of the signs of the times, demanded that reform should be delayed—

Let them wait (he cried), if this strange and fearful infatuation be indeed upon them—that they should not see with their eyes, or hear with their ears, or understand with their heart. But let us know our interest and our duty better. Turn where we may—within; around—the voice of great events is proclaiming to us, Reform, that you may preserve. Now, therefore, while everything at home and abroad forebodes ruin to those who persist in a hopeless struggle against the spirit of the age—now, while the crash of the proudest throne of the continent is still resounding in our ears—now, while the roof of a British palace affords an ignominious shelter to the exiled heir of forty kings—now, while we see on every side ancient institutions subverted and great societies dissolved—now, while the heart of England is still sound—now, while the old feelings and the old associations retain a power and a charm which may too soon pass away—now, in this your accepted time—now, in this your day of salvation—take counsel, not of prejudice, not of party spirit, not of the ignominious pride of a fatal consistency—but of history, of reason, of the ages which are past, of the signs of this most portentous time. Pronounce in a manner worthy of the expectation with which this great debate has been anticipated, and of the remembrance which it will leave behind. Renew the youth of the State. Save property, divided against itself. Save the multitude, endangered by their own ungovernable passions. Save the aristocracy, endangered by its own unpopular power. Save the greatest and fairest and most highly civilized community that ever existed, from calamities which may in a few days sweep away all the rich heritage of so many ages of wisdom and glory. The danger is terrible. The time is short. If this bill should be rejected, I pray to God that none of those who concur in rejecting it may ever remember their votes with unavailing regret, amidst the wreck of laws, the confusion of ranks, the spoliation of property, and the dissolution of social order.

It may be observed that the latter part of this passage is, in many respects, similar to the peroration of Lord Brougham's famous speech in defence of Queen Caroline. It is really difficult to determine to which the palm should be assigned.

We have no space for more quotations. Otherwise we might call the attention and admiration of our readers to the two speeches on the Maynooth Grant, in the first of which the orator states with much force his view of Sir R. Peel's peculiar tactics. The speech on the Copyright Bill is full of good sense and information. That on Lord Ashburton's conduct in the management of the treaty of Washington reminds us of the high tone of political honor held by Chatham, combined with the judicial calmness of Mackintosh. The eloquent review of four centuries in the Inaugural Address at Glasgow will not soon be forgotten.

But we must conclude. We heartily rejoice that Mr. Macaulay is once more a member of Parliament. His experience, his vast knowledge, his independent position, his stirring rhetoric, are a most valuable addition to a House where narrow utilitarian views and superficial smattering are even now too prevalent. He may render essential service to the country. On some special questions, such as slavery and Indian legislation, his hereditary connection and five years' sojourn in India render him peculiarly qualified to be a counsellor. He will never be heard without pleasure when he exerts his eloquence in behalf of those great principles of temperate liberty and progress, which, throughout his brilliant career, by his pen and by his voice, he has uniformly striven to uphold.

From the Press.

THE AGE OF DROSS.

We saw Old England in the van
Of nations, strong with arm and plan
To mould the world in beauty;
With pomp she laid her Old Duke low,
With anguish let her warm tears flow
Upon the grave of Duty!

Was that a dream? No more the brunt
Is borne by England in the front

Of high and holy missions:
We sweep the shop, we tend the till,
Our bellies pack, and pockets fill—

Our chief aim, "cheap provisions."

Rouse, England! from thy guilty sleep,
Deplore thy error—wail and weep

Thy lost faith and dishonor.
Turn on the guardians of the State,
Turn mourning eyes, not looks of hate—
These cowards not alone are.

War-burdened fogs creep o'er the West,
Now hardly heaves the jobber's chest,
And low his light is burning.
Rouse, England! rouse;—thou surely seest
A STAR IS SETTING IN THE EAST,
The wain's the way turning.

Let, over counters, Peace be squeaked,
Or through the halls of Mammon shrieked,
By him whose soul but dross is;
Not yet are Truth and Honor dead;
There yet are higher things than trade,
And lower things than losses.

From the Times, 26th Aug.

THE LIMBO OF INCAPABLES.

It has often been remarked that no punishments are so severe as those that are self-inflicted, no disasters so dreadful as those which could easily have been averted, and no revolutions so total and extensive as those which are spontaneous. Alarmists have occasionally imagined such a triumph of radicalism in this country as that ladies and gentlemen would be transported or compelled to fly to some inhospitable shore, where, without the means of livelihood according to their habits, they would perish by wholesale, exposed possibly to the derision of savages or felons. As a somewhat milder alternative, we have been warned of a saturnalia which should turn the fabric of society upside down, and compel the gentleman to wait on the clown, and the lady to do household work at the bidding of some upstart servant-girl. The reflection that usually winds up these dismal forebodings is that, at all events, we shall fight hard for the possession of our Olympus, and not descend from the drawing-room to the kitchen without a hard struggle with these domestic Titans. Strange to say, the prophecy has been already fulfilled to no inconsiderable extent—and to how much greater extent it will yet be fulfilled no man can tell. On the strand of the remote Australian continent, in deep misery and hideous disorder, lie, some under tents, some under the canopy of heaven, thousands of exiles from the genteel poverty of England. There are, we are told, many such drifts of human misery, but the largest of them is that called Canvas-town. It is the very limbo of incapables. They are people who have been brought up without acquiring any real craft of hand or of head, as if familiarity with Brussels carpets, pianos, muslin curtains, bell-ropes, and silver forks, were enough to make flabby children grow into ladies and gentlemen. The tables have sadly turned with the better classes of late. People used to talk over their wine about "surplus population," "able-bodied paupers," "destitute weavers," and the general superabundance of the useful classes of society. Profane, heartless stuff! As if there could be too much of what is really useful, except from abominable misgovernment! But the great wen of the social system now is its unemployed gentility. It was Cobbett who said that our Church Establishment was a nursery for ladies and gentlemen, intimating that the nurse would not be able to provide for her squeamish and useless progeny. But much the same may be said of the middle classes generally. The genteel squares and streets of this metropolis teem with children who are likely to be neither one thing nor another. In country towns, if the

temptations are fewer, the standard of excellence is lower, and there is not the chance of education which society itself gives to social and imitative natures. For one reason or another there is a fearful over-production of human nondescripts. Ten years ago it would have been thought a very brutal idea to sweep away some thousands of these to the antipodes, and leave them there to shift for themselves. Shocking as the thought may be, it has been actually realized by the self-banishment of such a mass, and we see the result in Canvas-town, on the banks of the Yarra. How many a Malthusian philosopher, who once prosed daily about "surplus labor" and transportation, has now a son or a daughter unemployed at our once penal settlements!

It is not till they are fairly starved out that these unfortunates take the last resource of applying for menial work. If they still have the look of gentlemen or ladies, they are generally rejected with contemptuous pity. A poor lady asked for a place as maid of all work, obtained it, and did her work well; but was turned off on the discovery that she was a lady. She had children, and had not taken this step till they had begun to feel the pangs of hunger. We cannot be surprised at the conduct of the mistress; for who in this country would like a lady in her kitchen? and we may presume that when the mistress of the house has herself ascended from that region the awkwardness would be still greater, and might lead to absurd mistakes. The evil is so extensive, and gentility so insuperable a bar to employment, that the clergy of Melbourne are taking the matter into their hands, and appealing to the wealthy on behalf of the educated classes. The precise description of the population of Canvas-town we must take from the local informants, and the monthly organ of the Church of England in the colony dwells on the sufferings of young gentlemen who might have had lodgings in Piccadilly, and of ladies who are detected under the disguise of cooks. Successful gold-hunters, store-keepers, builders, and other tradesmen, are exhorted to give these objects a chance, "For remember that *ye* were once bondsmen in the land of Egypt." If the colonial *parvenus* can get over the disagreeableness of it, they certainly would find it an immense advantage to have their children, at least, brought up by a lady, if she were only of the right sort; though almost any hearty wench is better than the maudlin, dawdling bits of gentility, sometimes met with. But it is assumed in the publication before us, and urged as an argument to masters and mistresses, that "the lowest offices of colonial society are filled with persons of education, intelligence, and refinement." The robust servant girl, fresh from some English village, who is found able to wash or cook, "is regarded with that affec-

tation of indifference which a fond mother assumes lest her darling should be spoilt by observing the admiration she excites." Such persons, that is the strong, willing, and capable of both sexes, are said to rise with dizzy haste from waiting to being waited on, and many a head is doubtless lost in the process of exaltation. But as for the grand army of incapables, what is to be done for them? The kind-hearted shopkeepers of Melbourne are entreated to go among them, as Lord Shaftesbury goes among the distressed classes of Bethnal-green. Will nobody take these poor gentlemen and ladies by the hand and show them how to help themselves? The advice given to them is at least practical, though it has to be swallowed. They are reminded that honorable independence is better than cringing dependence, and after a description of the latter state the writer, whom we believe to be the Dean of Melbourne, proceeds:—

Who would compare a life like this with breaking stones, or blacking shoes, in the happy consciousness that every morsel you eat is your own; and that each day, as it passes, there is something laid by that will enable you to seek an employment more suited to you? Tastes differ, no doubt, but, I will say, let others take the dog and gun—give me the hammer and polishing-brush. You came to the painful and dangerous toil of the uncertain goldfields; will you murmur if an easier, a safer, and a surer course is opened to you? But for your success two things are necessary. First, to fill any situation well we must fill it as belonging to it. The man who thinks he is above his business is really below it, and in undertaking it has shown himself a cheat. He is in no sense degraded by a really moral and respectable work, but, for the time being, he should not expect or desire to be treated as other than that which he has undertaken to be. Secondly, there is no necessary connection between labor and dirt and untidiness, or any other low and evil habit. Circumstances cannot degrade you, but you may degrade yourselves.

We cannot help feeling that in this advice, and in the extraordinary state of things which has called for it, there is an implied reproof to the general tone of education in this country. It is not that we would take the theory of Day, Edgeworth, and others of that material school, that every man should be prepared for the emergency of being cast on a desert island, or among a tribe of savages. Such a contingency happens so rarely, and can be so easily avoided, that to sacrifice much to it would be about as wise as if a man should reduce his skin to some disgusting and uncomfortable state in the hope of being rather more proof against fire than other people, and perhaps taking five minutes longer to burn through. But we see at Melbourne and the other parts of the great Australian goldfields a rather nearer approach to

the desert island or a tribe of savages than might have been expected in these days. Nor can it be forgotten that in this respect we are threatened with a Melbourne of our own. The rising appreciation of labor in this country is a fact which has its dark side, and that side is the certain depression of all those who have neither sufficient means for living in idleness, nor some useful accomplishment they can bring to the general market. The case is getting very bad indeed for the mere scholar or dilettanti, still more for the idle youth who is not even a scholar, and who neither knows nor does anything. Thousands upon thousands who of late years have been thrust into the church and the bar, have found it a cruel disappointment, so far as regards any chance of a decent livelihood. Bad as the state of things is at Melbourne, it is really worse at home, worse in its extent, and indeed in its intensity. If money becomes more plentiful, if labor and the skill of the artisan become dearer, if materials of all kinds therefore rise, things must come to a very sad pass with those who command none of these things, yet have been accustomed to use and employ them. Certainly, it is time to make education more general, and at least to give young men the power to do something more than offer conjectures on a corrupt passage in a Greek chorus, or on the precise date of the return of the Heraclides. The great work of life, whether in a colony or at home, cannot be maintained by men who have consumed all their opening years and expanding faculties in poring over the relics of an extinct race or a dead language, much less will the man work his way who has never bent his mind to any labor whatever, but has skipped from one pursuit to another, staying only as long as he found amusement, and flying at the first touch of labor. What ought to be learnt, and how it ought to be learnt, are larger questions than we can now enter on; but that some change is wanted we may be sure, when we see literally ten thousand ladies and gentlemen starving at Melbourne for want of some useful accomplishment; and when the great changes now in rapid progress assure us that what we see in the Australian colonies is only a warning of what we should provide against at home.

CRUELTY TO LONDON WOMEN.

[In No. 487 we spoke of the forbearance of the neighbors as being disgraceful to England. We are glad to see that the same opinion has urged The Times to exhort to Lynching.]

From the Times, 26th Aug.

It is not very often that we have directed observations in this portion of our journal to Messrs. Barclay and Perkins' subordinates.

We generally write *ad populum*, sometimes *ad clerum*; to-day it shall mainly be *ad draymen*. But we would by no means be supposed to confine the operation of these remarks to the gentlemen in the employment of that single firm. We trust these words may find an echo wherever there is a drayman or a carman to be found in London — or, indeed, any man whose avocations necessitate the habitual use of a carter's whip, or any implement of that description. Nay, we will go further than this, and beg that the following remarks may be construed as for the use of all men without exception who can boast of a strong arm and strong leg — for we think we can point out to them occasion for their use. The reason why we place Messrs. Barclay and Perkins' draymen in the front of the battle is simply this: Not long since they took upon themselves to execute Lynch-law upon the person of a miserable old man, who, whatever his offences against humanity might be in his own country, was certainly blameless as far as Englishmen were concerned. God forbid that we should come forward as defenders of such acts as were laid to his charge; they were a foul dishonor to the country in which they were performed, a disgrace to the age in which we live, and a stain upon human nature. But, for all this, it was not for the rabble of London to say who was guilty and who was innocent in such a matter. Certainly, Messrs. Barclay and Perkins' draymen might have left the wretched man to that tribunal before which he was soon to be summoned, in perfect confidence that there at least truth would be known and justice done at last. If they must use their cart-whips in assistance of the police and law courts, we think we can point out to them more suitable objects for castigation.

In our impression of yesterday will be found an account of a murder and attempted suicide. A ruffian named James Mobb murdered his wife, and afterwards endeavored to destroy himself. He had long been in the habit of beating his wife — we call the attention of Messrs. Barclay and Perkins' draymen to this fact — and of ill-using her in the most horrible manner. He acquired in the neighborhood the nickname of "General Haynau" from this circumstance, but no efficient body of draymen was at hand; — there were no stalwart carmen to lay their whips across the shoulders of *this* General Haynau, of whose guilt there could not be the smallest doubt. The ruffian might have been caught red-handed, any day of the week, in the act of flogging his wife. This, of course, would have been too dreadful had it happened in the heart of Hungary, but at No. 1, Enoch-court, Goodman's-yard, Minorities, the wretched woman got no kind of sympathy or help. Not a drayman wagged his little finger, to say

nothing of his whip. Yet here was a fact patent and notorious in the neighborhood — everybody knew of it, and no one interfered. The result was, that after beating the miserable creature black and blue for a series of years, the wretch cut her throat, and she is now lying in the dead-room of the London Hospital. That is but one case in our impression of yesterday. We turn to our police report, and we find, under the head of Clerkenwell, that Charles Newman was charged by Christina Newman, his wife, with having assaulted her. The poor woman's eyes were blackened and swollen. Her story was, that on Saturday her ruffianly husband came home drunk, and violently beat her and kicked her. Some time back she had broken her leg. "The prisoner was aware that the least accident or violence to the injured leg gave her great pain and laid her up; notwithstanding he made a deliberate kick at her broken leg, which caused her great pain." These are two pretty cases in one and the same impression of a London journal, and unfortunately we are bound to add that they contain nothing very surprising, when we compare them with similar reports which appear in our columns every week — almost every day. A worse, if possible, is described this morning as having happened at Manchester. It would seem, indeed, to be enough that a woman in the lower ranks of life should be in a man's power, and straight he makes her the object of personal violence. Sometimes we have an account of such doings by wholesale when there is a solemn festivity in some blind alley inhabited by the Irish, who celebrate the occasion by kicking their wives down-stairs, and dancing frantic jigs upon their prostrate forms. But it is not our wish to impute especial guilt in such matters to the lower orders of Irish. From what we have latterly seen, we fear the English are quite as bad — they could not be worse.

The bill which passed last session — severe as it is — appears to be totally inadequate for the purpose of checking this evil — this disgrace to English society. It will be remembered that, at the time the bill was before the House, a proposition was made for introducing a clause which should empower magistrates to award the brute's punishment of the scourge to those who had so degraded themselves to the level of brutes as to take advantage of the feebleness and defencelessness of a woman. For sundry reasons which weighed with Parliament at the time, the proposition was rejected. The wish evidently was to exhaust all forms of punishment before again recurring to the whipping-post. We noticed, however, on the very last day on which Parliament sat for the despatch of business that, in answer to a question put to him, Lord Palmerston hinted that if the present measure

and form of punishment were not found sufficient to check the evil, the former proposition might be reconsidered. However this may be—until the evil shall have abated, either by force of law or force of humanity—would it not be a proper thing if those who attacked an Austrian general because he was accused of having caused an Hungarian woman to be flogged should lift up their arms in defence of their own countrywomen? There is this especial difference between the two cases, that whereas in the instance of General Haynau the self-appointed ministers of vengeance really knew nothing about the question of his guilt or innocence, there can be no doubt with regard to the English women who are so brutally used by their husbands. If we are to have a *Vehmgericht* of draymen, let them by all means protect their own countrywomen first: if Lynch-law is to prevail in England, let it not exclude the defence of English-women.

From Punch.

FRENCH TASTE IN DRESS.

DOWLAS, attend to me, I am going to talk about taste—a word that ought to excite shame and anguish in your mind. For a quarter of a century you have been smothering the world with printed fabrics of fantastic and horrible ugliness. Millions upon millions of yards of these abominations have found their way into every nook and corner of the world. Remote tribes of wandering Tartars and the squaws of painted Choctaws have clad their bodies and depraved their souls with your outrageous patterns. Bales marked with the well-known D. (O, how could you, Mr. Dowlas, sir!) have carried their baleful influence into the innocent populations of the Peaceful Ocean. The least hideous of these productions are those you have stolen (and spoiled) from the French, and if there is any improvement in your patterns of late years, it is entirely to be attributed to your piracy of French designs.

The fact is that France has become the Mistress of Arts to the world. If England lives in a fever of industry, *she* lives in a fever of invention. Every novelty we have is due to her restless creative spirit. In arts, in letters, in philosophy, she scatters abroad new ideas with unsparing profusion; other nations, following with unequal steps, treasure up what falls, and claim it as their own. This exuberance of fancy is only the result of the universal artistic feeling which seems to animate her citizens. You cannot go anywhere in Paris without being conscious of this. Every shop window is a picture. Look at that pastrycook's. A few pieces of china

and half-a-dozen bon-bon boxes form a composition that is really charming. Is there any one from Marlborough House could do it as well? Only think of the tons of three-cornered tarts and Bath buns that form the decoration of a London confectioner's. And yet this pretty arrangement is due to the intuitive taste of the little, scrubby, ignorant daughter of the people who serves in the shop. I will not draw your attention to the quiet, becoming style of her dress, because you have often confessed to me in private your admiration of Parisian toilettes, though in the presence of Mrs. D. you loudly affect to prefer the dowdy manner adopted by that lady in common with the most part of her countrywomen. I will, therefore, make no further mention of ladies' costume, only protesting that, in my opinion, all Frenchwomen in their degree dress to perfection, and that an ugly bonnet is no certain proof of wisdom or goodness as is generally supposed.

Turn to the houses, and compare their gay, ornate appearance with the dismal, monotonous streets of London. Every one has its separate character. The portal is of sculptured stone, always decent and often of beautiful design. A little bit of carved cornice, a simple moulding round the windows, gives individuality and interest to the upper part without any of the astounding architectural eccentricities of Regent Street. Enter, and you will find the furniture of even the humbler occupants varied, characteristic, and pretty. Where ornament is attempted, it is well chosen and sparingly introduced. A beautiful cabinet, a few small pictures, a group or two in bronze, some exquisite china—quite a contrast to the overwhelming magnificence of English upholstery. I know, Dowlas, you gave a *carte blanche* to Jobkins and Son for your house in Mecklenburgh Square. Well, well—if the subject is a painful one we will not pursue it; though I must say that I think six copies of the peacocky young woman in feters, called for some inscrutable reason the Greek Slave, rather too much for two drawing-rooms (couldn't you send up a pair to the best bed-room, and one to the butler's pantry!) and I may also take this opportunity of informing Jobkins Junior, who does the "tasty" business of his firm, that merely multiplying expensive tables and chairs, and daubing everything over with gold, though it may satisfactorily swell the bill, shows a miserable want of fancy and cleverness in a decorator.

I quite admit the solidity and conscientiousness of English workmanship. We buy a frightful table in Bond Street, and, behold, it will last forever. The drawers in Dowlas' house are as delightful to open and shut as

they are horrible to look at. English boots will outlast French boots, and English gloves French gloves. Whatever may have been the case years ago, it is a great mistake to suppose that these articles are better now in Paris than in London. The great difference is shortly this* our artists are tradesmen and their tradesmen are artists. In all articles of simple usefulness we have an unquestionable superiority, but where something more than convenience or durability is required our designers seem quite helpless. A certain funeral car will occur to many as an example of this truth, and, perhaps, by malicious persons, will be taken to show how much or how little is to be expected from Government Schools of Art.

The tourist is aware that no one can walk about Paris without seeing abundant evidences of the coarsest moral and social feeling, and claims an infinitely higher position for his own countrymen and countrywomen in this respect. He also recollects that he has already ridiculed the dress of Frenchmen, and sees that this may be supposed inconsistent with a sweeping panegyric on French taste. But this is an exception that proves the rule. A Frenchman's theory of dress is wrong. He always wants to be conspicuous and picturesque. Hence, nothing is too singular and showy for him. He gets himself up, as if for the stage, with velvet and fur and beard and mustaches, and exhausts the resources of his inventive mind for new and still more quaint combinations. When he turns his attention to the chase, the result is something worth seeing, and no mistake, as will be more plainly seen by a picture of a party of sporting gentlemen going out shooting. But these comicalities are eschewed by the genuine "swells," who adopt our sober English notions of masculine costume, and, indeed, dress exactly like Englishmen. The advice of *Polonius* to *Laertes* will literally apply to the matter at the present day : —

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy — rich not gaudy —
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that —

The most august confirmation has been given to this view. I state with becoming reverence and awe that his I — L M — Y, with that regard for detail which characterizes his great mind, has sent a special envoy to London, and had all his liveries made in Saville Row, with which unspeakably solemn allusion I close this communication.

* This is not intended to apply to our painters, who may well be compared with those of any country, but to the designers for manufactures.

From John Bull.

Mental Portraits; or, Studies of Character.

By HENRY T. TUCKERMAN, Author of "Artist Life." London: Bentley, 1853.

THE author of this volume, a German psychologist, and natural historian of the human mind, has thrown together in it a number of sketches of distinguished characters of different nations, as illustrations of particular classes of mind, and mental development, each forming not only a portrait of the man, but a generic picture of the class he represents. Among the English types which he has selected for this purpose are, Southey, exemplifying the man of letters — John Constable, the landscape painter — Richard Savage, the literary adventurer — Sir David Wilkie, the painter of character — Lord Jeffrey, the reviewer — Thomas Campbell, the popular poet. Of Americans, he introduces Nathaniel Hawthorne and Washington Irving, as specimens, the former of the prose-poet, the latter of the humorist; Brockden Brown, to represent the supernaturalist; Governor Morris, the civilian; Daniel Boone, the pioneer. Besides these there are two Frenchmen, the financier Lafitte, and the ornithologist Audubon — two Italians, the literary statesman D'Azeglio, and the sceptic Leopardi — one German, Theodore Körner, the youthful hero — and one cosmopolite, the vocalist Jenny Lind.

That, in such a gallery of characters, a writer of talent and observation should find the opportunity of indulging in many interesting lines of thought, it is superfluous to say. In order to give our readers some idea of the treatment which the subject receives at the hands of our author, we shall transfer a few brief touches of his pen to our columns; but, before we do so, it may be as well to acquaint them with the theory on which he proceeds : —

Human nature has always been the same. The plays, the biographies, and, in later times, the novels and journals of every civilized nation illustrate this more impressively even than history, which is too general to bring out, except occasionally, the refinement of this law. Character is as truly bequeathed as estates. Every favorite ideal personage is so thorough a fidelity to the reality as it always exists; Shakspeare's greatness consists in the fact that he has contributed more to the common stock than any other author. The more we see of the world, the more it becomes "a gallery of pictures;" and it is an interesting study to compare features, trace lineages, and realize how a certain form of character is affected by circumstances as it is thus inevitably reproduced. Another desirable result of this study of character is, that from individual types we learn to recognize species, and gradually discriminate the nice shades which mark each separate form of the

same genus. Observation becomes thus habitually quick and accurate, and we never want subjects of entertainment or knowledge while mingling with our fellow-creatures.

After this interesting extract we now turn to the individual sketches. A very able, and, on the whole, very fair portraiture of Southey is thus summed up :—

If we were to name, in a single term, the quality for which Southey is eminent, we should call him a verbal architect. His prose works do not open to our mental gaze new and wondrous vistas of thought ; they are not deeply impressive from the greatness, or strongly winsome from the beauty of their ideas. Their rhetoric does not warm and stir the mind, nor is their scope highly philosophic or gracefully picturesque. But their style is correct, unaffected, and keeps that medium which good taste approves in manners, speech, and costume, but which we seldom see transferred to the art of writing. For pure narrative, where the object is to give the reader unalloyed facts, and leave his own reflection and fancy to shape and color them, no English author has surpassed Southey. He appears to have been quite conscious of the moderate standard to which he aspired : "As to what is called fine writing," he says, "the public will get none of that article out of me ; sound sense, sound philosophy, and sound English I will give them." There is no doubt, in so doing, he consulted the Anglo-Saxon love of regulated and useful principles, and hatred of extravagance, and was thus an admirable type of the modern English mind ; but such an ideal, however praiseworthy and respectable, scarcely coincides with the more noble and inspired mood in which the permanent masterpieces of literary genius are conceived and executed.

Our author's estimate of Lord Jeffrey, notwithstanding the sympathy he feels with him as the pioneer of what he terms the "intellectual reinforcement" which drove the wedge into "the old tree of Conservatism," is far from being as favorable as that which he forms on the whole of Southey :—

The art of philosophizing attractively upon literary and political questions of immediate interest was, indeed, excellently illustrated by Jeffrey, in those instances which did not surpass his power of insight. Where the personal feelings were not engaged, it was also an agreeable pastime to follow his destructive feats ; see him annihilate a poetaster, or insinuate away the pretensions of a book-wright. This he did in so cool a manner, and with such a gentlemanly sneer and refinement of badinage, that it was like watching an elegant fencing-match, or capital shot in a pistol-gallery. The process and the principle, however, of this kind of reviewing were based upon that French philosophy which delights in ridicule and ignores reverence. Accordingly its spirit is essentially sceptical, fault-finding, narrow, and smart, and therefore quite inapplicable to the intuitive, the latent, delicate, and more lofty emanations of literature.

Its office is to deal with talent not genius, with attainments not inspiration — with the form and *rationale*, not with the minute principles and divine mysteries of life. Where knowledge, tact, and wit were available, Jeffrey shone. He possessed a remarkable degree of what may be called the eloquence of sense, but he lacked soul — the assimilating and revealing principle in man. His intellect needed humanizing. He looked upon an author objectively, with a scientific not a sympathetic vision, and, therefore, as regards the highest, never came into a legitimate relation with them. He wanted that enthusiasm which, if it sometimes exaggerates merits and is blind to defects, yet always warms the mind into an unity of perception and an intensity of observation, which opens new vistas of truth. Jeffrey's analytical power is not denied, but one only demurs at the extent of authority as a critic which, by virtue of it, he claimed. There is a captious tone in his reviews of poets, an unimpassioned statement, a self-possessed balancing of the scales of justice, quite too mechanical to be endured with patience. He thrusts himself arrogantly into a sphere of thought or feeling sacred to thousands, and peers about with the bold curiosity of a successful attorney. He really appreciates only knowledge, reasoning power, and the external laws of taste ; and whatever appealed to instincts which were deficient in him, he pronounced either false or absurd.

A very different vein of criticism runs through the following observations on the peculiar fascinations of the Swedish night-ingle :—

Jenny Lind, with her fair hair and blue eyes, her unqueenly form, and child-like simplicity, has achieved almost unparalleled success, by means quite diverse. Her one natural gift is a voice of singular depth, compass, flexibility, and tone. This has been, if we may be allowed the expression, mesmerized by a soul, earnest, pure and sincere ; and thus with the clear perception and dauntless will of the North has she interpreted the familiar musical dramas in a new, vivid, and original manner. One would imagine she had come with one bound from tending her flock on the hill-side, to warble behind the foot-lights ; for so directly from the heart of nature springs her melody, and so beyond the reach of art is the simple grace of her air and manners, that we associate her with the Opera only through the consummate skill — the result of scientific training — manifested in her vocalism. The term warbling is thus adapted peculiarly to express the character of her style ; its ease, fluency, spontaneous gush, and the total absence of everything meretricious and exaggerated in the action and bearing that accompanies it. It is like the song of a bird, only more human. Nature in her seems to have taken Art to her bosom, and assimilated it, through love, with herself, until the identity of each is lost in the other.

The union of such musical science — such a thoroughly disciplined art with such artlessness —

and simplicity—is, perhaps, the crowning mystery of her genius. To know and to love are the conditions of triumph in all the exalted spheres of human labor; and in the musical drama, they have never been so admirably united. Her command of expression seems not so much the result of study as of inspiration; and there is about her a certain gentle elevation which stamps her to every eye, as one who is consecrated to a high service. Her ingenuous countenance, always enlivened by an active intelligence, might convey, at first, chiefly the idea of good nature and cleverness in the English sense; but her carriage, voice, movements, and expression in the more affecting moments of a drama, give sympathetic assurance of what we must be excused for calling—a crystal soul. In all her characters she transports us, at once, away from the commonplace and the artificial—if not always into the domain of lofty idealism, into that more human and blissful domain of primal nature; and unhappy is the being who finds not the unconscious delight of childhood, or the dream of love momentarily renewed in that serene and unclouded air.

With this we must cut short our selections from a volume which contains abundant materials for thought, and which admirably illustrates the author's own type of mind, that of the cosmopolite philosopher, capable of placing himself on all sorts of "standing points," to borrow a phrase from his own native idiom, and to look at men and things in all sorts of "points of view."

From the Westminster Review.

THE PROGRESS OF FICTION AS AN ART.

1. *Scriptores Erotici Græci*—*Heliodorus of Tricca*.
2. *Romances of Chivalry*—*Amadis of Gaul*.
3. *The Novels of Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett*.
4. *Works of Mrs. Radcliffe, Miss Austin, and Miss Burney. The Waverley Novels*.
5. *Basil; a Tale of Modern Life*. By W. WILKIE COLLINS. 1852.
6. *Daisy Burns*. By JULIA KAYANAGH. Bentley.
7. *Hypatia; or, New Foes with an Old Face*. By the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY. Republished from "Fraser's Magazine." 1853.

"De tout temps," says an old French writer, "il y a eu des hommes qui ont esté diligens d'escrire et mettre en lumière des choses vaines. Ce qui plus les y a conviez est, que ils scavoient que leur labours seroient agréables à ceux de leurs siècles, dont la plupart a toujours aimé la vanité comme le poisson fait l'eau." The "choses vaines" which so affronted the stern La Noue, and provoked this contemptuous opinion, were no other than the popular romances which, in his day, counted their scores of readers as eager as

the thousands who now gasp for Mr. James' "last," or the new number of "Bleak House." Our indignant author grows eloquent in his abuse, and pathetic in his lamentations over the frivolous tastes of mankind. But when did reformer ever win aught but ignominy! Hear the melancholy sequel:—"Si quelqu'un les eust voulu blâmer, on luy eust craché au visage!"

The persecuting propensities of mankind have been enlisted in so many a strange cause, that possibly even this might have been turned to good account in skilful hands; but the preacher of a crusade against stories and story-tellers is decidedly unfortunate in his choice of a "cry;" and should he find out his mistake by means of the unpleasant rebuff above mentioned, we can only say that he deserves it for his pains. The love of fiction is so strong and universal a passion, that it may be called a natural instinct of the human mind. We find it among all nations, and in all ages; it is almost the only intellectual tie between barbarous and civilized man. Minstrel's song and sage's apologue were the first media through which the many learnt the higher thoughts of the few. We find the "Iliad" the foundation of Greek literature; and the "Fables of Bidpai" are the earliest known offspring of the Indian mind. Fable and tale catch and rivet the attention of the untaught man, whose half-awakened intellect refuses to grasp ideas conveyed in a form less tangible and dramatic. When Jotham sought to rouse the men of Shechem, he lifted up his voice, and spake—not a tedious harangue, or a lengthy history of his wrongs—but a pithy allegorical story; nor would the eloquence of Demosthenes have answered his purpose half so well as that short parable of the prudent trees and the fair-spoken bramble. In the infancy of literature it is the bard or minstrel who first rouses the popular mind to a perception of the unseen world of thought. Fable and story-book are ever the favorite nursery teachers as well of nations as of children; and although both the one and the other may outgrow the simple tales which were the delight of their youth, the taste, the craving for fiction in some form remains unabated when childish things have been long since put aside. None are too wise, none too foolish, to enjoy keenly the art which clothes imaginary beings with the garb of every-day humanity; no one is so insensible as to be wholly unmoved and uninterested by the joys and sorrows, the hopes and struggles of characters for whom his human sympathies have been awakened, and the highest mind gratefully turns from the prose of actual life to the brighter world of fancy. Bruce used to beguile the weary hours of exile by reading some stirring romance to his followers; and when Chaucer could not sleep, he had recourse

to the same remedy "to rede and drive the night away" (he does not tell us, what those who follow his example will be apt to suspect, that he found it an excellent sleeping draught). Everybody knows the verdict Dr. Johnson pronounced on the "Vicar of Wakefield;" and De Foe and Swift, both voluminous writers, are, and will be, remembered chiefly as the authors of the most perennially popular stories in the language. Who has not read "Gulliver's Travels" and "Robinson Crusoe"? But how many have ever opened, even if they should chance to have heard of, "The Political History of the Devil," or the "Drapier's Letters"?

It has been the tendency of modern writers of fiction to restrict themselves more and more to the actual and the possible; and our taste would be offended were they greatly to overstep these limitations; for a scientific, and somewhat sceptical age, has no longer the power of believing in the marvels which delighted our ruder ancestors. The carefully wrought story, which details events in orderly chronological sequence; which unfolds character according to those laws which experience teaches us to look for as well in the moral as the material world; and which describes outward circumstances in their inexorable certainty, yielding to no magician's wand or enchanter's spell, is essentially the production of a complex and advanced stage of society; nor do we meet with it until science and letters have reached a high place, and are established firmly enough to influence the popular mind, and to mingle with the popular tone of thought. We feel the chasm which separates one age from another as completely in the style of fiction which has prevailed, as in the phase of religious belief, or of scientific knowledge, which has peculiarly distinguished each period; and contemporary romance literature is valuable not only for the light it incidentally casts upon those thousand minor points of habit and manners, the details of which are so precious when we attempt to fill up the hard, stiff outline which history sketches, but also for the many glimpses it affords of the direction of the popular taste, the received standard of morals, and the degree of mental refinement that existed. Without such knowledge we see the past only as a cold phantom instead of a living reality, and history loses its chief interest and use.

But he who searches into ancient and mediæval romance in the expectation of finding himself brought face to face with the actual thoughts and characters of the past, as he views the present in "Vanity Fair," will be disappointed. A story of the third century, or a novel of the fourteenth, sounds at first so promising; the very mention of them calls up delightful expectations. Now we think, at least, we shall learn something more of

individual life than we can glean from the scanty records and dry facts of chronicler and compiler; here we shall see portrayed the domestic economy, the daily routine, the very dress and appearance of the folks of old; we shall hear the fireside talk, and sympathize with the fireside affections and homely interests of private people like ourselves, instead of only knowing how the kings warred, and the queens bore children, and the nobles squabbled; which information, however valuable, helps us as little to restore a picture of the past as the "Court Circular," or "Annual Register," would enable some future inquirer to understand how the English lived and spoke in the nineteenth century. But, unhappily, the old romance-writers troubled their heads very little about these things; they did not look at life æsthetically; they had no idea of depicting feelings and experiences in the strict analytical fashion, so much in vogue at the present time; and, indeed, had they proposed such an object to themselves, they could hardly have produced a picture which we should recognize as life-like. Word-painting is an art, a great and difficult art, and one which does not exist in an unlettered age. The flimsiest modern novel that ever young lady devoured, or critic sneered at, is infinitely superior in artistic arrangement and skilful continuity of plot to even the most readable of ancient fictions. Their dullness and monotony, their clumsy machinery and improbable incidents, render them little interesting to persons who believe neither in witches nor fairies, who would prosecute a necromancer for obtaining money on false pretences, and show a giant at a fair. We regard them, therefore, much in the same light as we contemplate barbarous pictures; both are devoid of perspective; in the one we have impossible characters, in the other dislocated wrists. The picture indicates a shady grove by a vast conglomerate of round apples perched on sticks; the story describes fearful shipwrecks, horrible slaughters, and miraculous adventures, as the usual and natural accidents of human life. But we may, nevertheless, learn much from both—from the one, fashions of head-gear; from the other, fashions of thought; while the simple fact that the picture was once admired as a work of art, and the story held in honor as a literary performance, is in itself abundantly instructive.

Prose romance seems to have been an unknown element in Roman literature, and with the one immortal exception of the *Cyropædia*, we do not meet with it among the Greeks until the day of their glory was set. Their lively imagination found ample food in the fables of the old mythology, and there was little in the habits and manners of either Greek or Roman which could furnish materials for works of

this class. Private life, as we understand it, there was none—and love, the grand theme of all northern poetry and romance, was too little hallowed by sentiment, too untempered by respect, to rise above its oriental phase of mere sensualism. The “*Milesiaca*,” of Aristides of Miletus, are the first recorded examples of actual prose stories, and upon the translation which was made of these tales into Latin during Sylla’s life-time, Ovid wrote—

Vertit Aristidem Sisenna, nec obfuit illi
Historiæ turpes inseruisse jocos.

A notice which might tend to console us for their loss, if the anecdote respecting them mentioned by Plutarch did not sufficiently tell their licentious character. A certain young gentleman, Rustius by name, has been snatched from oblivion by the fact of a copy of Aristides’ Tales having been found in his baggage (he was a Roman officer), after the defeat of Crassus by the Parthians. The conquering general, Surena, took the book, and laid it before the senate of Seleucia, with some severe comments on the depravity of a people who, even in war, could not abstain from works so infamous. The imitators of Aristides of later days did not sin less against purity and decency, if we may judge by the earliest “*Milesian*” Tale extant—“*Lucius, or the Ass*,”—which Apuleius reproduced in his “*Metamorphoses*.” Sir George Head, in venturing to give these an English dress, has necessarily omitted much, and might have omitted more, to render them tolerable to modern readers.

It is strange how long the human mind will resist change; how willingly it consents to jog along in some track marked out by the authority of custom; and how tenaciously it will cling to some form of fashion, the use and even the meaning of which has long since passed away. We are told that once, when profligacy had reached an extraordinary height, a certain Thibetian king commanded that no woman should leave her house without first hideously disfiguring her face by a coat of black varnish; and to this day all the ladies of Lassa hold it not only decorous and proper, but a clear religious duty, to blacken their faces ere they encounter the public gaze. How many follow the example of the pious ladies of Lassa! There is no chapter in the history of human thought and human action in which this obstinate obedience to the letter (which, after all, is only a disguise for mental indolence) does not appear, and certainly it is not wanting in literature. There, to one originator, we have ten thousand copyists—one sincere thinker is echoed by a host of parrots. It would seem a natural expectation that a book written in the fourth century after Christ, should in some way carry the impress of its age upon it, considering what

times those were—Christianity at last the state-religion—the old corrupt civilization dying out, and no man knowing the destinies of the new—the great, resistless tide of northern barbarism sweeping on and destroying as it went—considering, we say, all these things, would it not seem impossible that a man with a brain to think, and a pen to write, should be able to sit down and compose a book, as if the world was going on smoothly and pleasantly, and, in fact, had nothing particular the matter with it? But so it was. In that tremendous age there flourished a school of novel-writers, who continued perseveringly to imitate a purely conventional and artificial type, as if there were no more important things to be thought of, and as if the stereotype forms of heathenism were to last and interest forever. Stranger still, a Christian, and a Christian bishop, was the chief author, if not the actual inventor, of this school. About the end of the fourth century after Christ, Heliodorus, bishop of Tricca, in Thessaly, wrote his “*Ethiopica*,” or history of Theagenes and Chariclea, and after him came, as is supposed, the “*Ephesiaca*,” or loves of Abrocomes and Anthia, by Xenophon of Ephesus; “*The Loves of Clitophon and Leucippe*,” by Achilles Tatius; and some others, of which, “*The Loves of Daphnis and Chloë*,” a pastoral of the Paul and Virginia stamp, is the best known. The *Ethiopica* is infinitely the best of these performances, and was even copied by the first French novelists of the seventeenth century. Racine admired it so much, that, when a student at Port Royal, he was found by his director eagerly reading it, whereupon the director straightway put the book in the fire. The pupil, however, was not to be so baffled, and procured another copy, which shared the same fate as the first; having possessed himself of a third, he learnt it by heart—believe who may!—and then carried it to the director, telling him that he was welcome to serve it as he had done the others. Without pretending to share the poet’s enthusiasm, or to think it altogether deserved, we admit that Heliodorus is greatly superior to his imitators and that, in comparison with Xenophon of Ephesus (whom, however, some have not thought it a profanation to rank beside his great namesake), he is almost graphic. The opening scene is very striking and well worked up, but presently the thread of the tale becomes so hopelessly twisted and entangled, that it is wonderful that Racine did not lose his senses before the end of the first volume. The hero and heroine, Theagenes and Chariclea, meet where Greek heroes and heroines only could, at a public festival, and fall desperately in love at once. They contrive to elope, and embark on board a ship, the captain of which, as a matter of course, becomes instantly en-

amored of the luckless maid; she escapes him, however, only to fall into the hands of a band of robbers, together with the faithful Theagenes. In due course, Trakinos, the chief, conceives an ardent passion for her, and entreats her to marry him, the faithful Theagenes being considered and treated *en frère* throughout. Then comes a shipwreck, and next an arrival in Egypt, when Trakinos urgently presses his suit: Chariclea perfidiously desires him to prepare a mock nuptial feast, persuades Peloros, the second in command (who, it is almost superfluous to mention, is also frantically in love with her), to take the opportunity of attacking his chief, which he does, and kills him, and is then himself slain by Theagenes. These little difficulties thus satisfactorily removed, more robbers supervene, under Thyamis, the valiant and injured son of the chief priest of Memphis, driven to his present mode of life by an usurping younger brother who had unlawfully deprived him of his inherited dignities. He is, of course, captivated inevitably by the beauty of Chariclea, who again displays great address, and — but we will not weary our readers by giving them the whole of this marvellous tale. Various other personages appear on the stage, and the plot is seriously complicated by the conduct of a highly obnoxious and indecorous character, ἡ κακίστη θύρα, and a very wicked woman, wife of the satrap Oroondates, who falls in love with the exemplary Theagenes, and endeavors to poison his innocent Chariclea. Some intricate details are furnished by a garrulous old gentleman, who talks uninterruptedly through nearly half a volume — finally, the fortunes of war having made them prisoners, Chariclea and her lover come before Hydaspes king of Ethiopia, and Persina his wife, and are on the point of being sacrificed — the one to the sun, and the other to the moon, when it is discovered that Chariclea is the king's own daughter, and the story concludes to the satisfaction of all parties.

Schoell, the author of the "*Histoire de la Littérature Grecque*," observes upon this novel, and the same may be said of the whole race of Greek romances — "*Des pirates, des combats, des enlèvements, des captivités, des reconnoissances, voilà tous les ressorts des Ethiopiques. Cet ouvrage ne fait point connoître l'état de la société; il n'offre que des mœurs fictives, et ne représente ni un siècle ni un peuple.*" A singular chance first introduced this work to the West. A soldier of Anspach, serving in Hungary, under the Margrave Casimir of Brandenburg, while assisting at the pillage of Matthias Corvinus' famous library at Buda, was attracted by the rich ornaments of a manuscript which he accordingly carried off, and sold to Vincent Obsopœus, who published it at Basle in 1534, and thus gave the Ethiopics to modern

Europe. The episcopal example of Heliodorus seems to have made romance writing a favorite clerical amusement. Achilles Tatius was also a bishop; Turpin, the reputed author of the "*Life of Charlemagne and Roland*" — the first romance of chivalry — was bishop of Rheims; in later times, Huet, bishop of Avranches, wrote a novel and translated Longus; an archdeacon of Sens composed "*Les Aventures de Lycidas et de Clorinthe*," in the sixteenth century; and, in the seventeenth, almost the only two specimens of English fiction are both by prelates; Rabelais was a Franciscan friar; Sterne was a country clergyman; and we owe Telemaque to an archbishop.

But stories like these old Greek romances could not long interest. Cold relics of a dead faith and a dying age, there was nothing in them to which the living sympathies of living men could respond, and wanting this germ of vitality they have mouldered away in libraries unknown and unread, and are valuable mainly as being curious memorials of the deeply engrained paganism of thought and idea, in the so-called Christian contemporaries of Chrysostom and Ambrose. In the long night of barbarism which followed, the dim lamp of literature was well-nigh extinguished, and when at last the rude Teutonic races began to find out that they too had ideas, and must express them, these ideas were very unlike those of the polished Heliodorus, and uttered in a tongue which would have shocked his elegant Greek taste. Europe, intellectually, had gone back to infancy again, and, child-like, preferred listening to nursery rhymes to learning its letters and writing copies. Men could not read, but they could listen; and for this reason almost all the romances of the middle ages were metrical, and were either sung by minstrel and troubadour, or recited from memory.

In ancient song and story, marvels high are told,
Of knights of high emprise, and adventures manifold;
Of joy and merry feasting; of lamenting, woe, and fear;
Of champions' bloody battles, many marvels shall ye hear.

Thus opens the famous "*Nibelungen Lied*," and the not less celebrated "*Helden Buch*" concludes with the notice: "*Henry of Ofterdingen has sung this adventure so masterly, that princes loved him for it, and gave him silver and gold, pennies and rich garments.*"

War and adventure, giants and dwarfs, fabulous exploits of heroes, who quaff goblets of human blood, slay their enemies by tens of thousands, and devoutly go to mass, are the ever popular themes of these stirring old barbaric poems. The preface to the "*Helden Buch*," gives such a curiously circumstantial

account of the uses of dwarfs, otherwise known as gnomes or kobolds, that we cannot forbear quoting it :—

It should be known for what reason God created the great giants and the little dwarfs, and subsequently the heroes. First, he produced the dwarfs, because the mountains lay waste and useless, and valuable stores of silver and gold and pearls were concealed in them. Therefore God made the dwarfs right wise and crafty, that they could distinguish good and bad, and to what uses all things should be applied ; he gave them nobility, so that they, as well as the heroes, were kings and lords ; and he gave them great riches. And the reason why God created the giants was, that they should slay the wild beasts and worms (dragons, serpents), and thus enable the dwarfs to cultivate the mountains in safety. But after some time it happened that the giants became wicked and unfaithful, and did much harm to the dwarfs. Then God created the heroes, who were of a middle rank between the dwarfs and giants. And it should be known, that the heroes were worthy and faithful for many years ; they paid all observance and honor to the ladies, protected widows and orphans, did no harm to women except when their life was in danger, were always ready to assist them, and often showed their manhood before them, both in sport and in earnest. It should also be known that the heroes were always emperors, kings, dukes, earls ; and served under lords, as knights and squires ; and that they were all noblemen, and no one was a peasant. From these are descended all lords and noblemen.

Here are all the ideas of a new age of feudalism and chivalry, and they are the staple ideas of all mediæval romance. Besides the minstrels who sang these national lays, there were others whom Chaucer mentions in his "Third Boke of Fame," as jestours,

that tellen tales,

Both of wepyng and of game—

who appear to have been "gestours," relaters of *gesta* (Latin, *gesta*) or adventures in *prose*, and it is to them that we must trace the early prose romances of chivalry. We find foreign elements in the fictions of these times. Many of the exploits attributed to Charlemagne are taken from a fabulous history of Alexander the great, which Simoon Seth, a physician of Constantinople in the eleventh century, amused himself by translating from the Persian, and which was the source of many romances ; and the "Dolopathos, or romance of the Seven Sages," written by a monk, was imitated from a very ancient Persian tale, entitled, "The Fables of Syntipa." In the "Gesta Romanorum," and the "Golden Legend" of Jacobus de Voragine, we have some curious examples of monkish imagination and ignorance ; such as histories of heroes who set forth on toilsome pilgrimages on the very day of their marriage ; of "a Danish king who goes to war against the three kings whom

the star in the east guided to Jerusalem ;" of Titus, who calls in the magical arts of "Master Virgil ;" and of "King Claudius," who bestows his daughter on the wise philosopher Socrates. Saints and miracles, and lifelong penances, are the ideal excellences in these stories ; but among them are also preserved many traditions and tales of far greater antiquity, and which were borrowed from, and adopted by, Boccaccio, and the early Italian novelists.

But the genuine old romance of chivalry has still a charm ; there is something in its pictures of knightly honor, high and true, of ladies bright, and deeds of daring, which even yet speaks to our imagination, and which has still a large share in the popular conception of heroism and nobility ; and we can well conceive what must have been the passionate admiration for these compositions when the reader traced in them a gorgeous and ideal likeness (*very ideal it was*) of the life around him. Take, for instance, the opening chapter of *Amadis of Gaul* :—

Not many years after the passion of our Redeemer, there was a Christian king in the lesser Britain, by name Garinter, who, being in the law of truth, was of much devotion and good ways. This king had two daughters by a noble lady, his wife. The eldest was married to Languines, king of Scotland ; she was called the lady of the garland, because her husband, taking great pleasure to behold her beautiful tresses, would have them covered only with a chaplet of flowers. Elisena, the other daughter, was far more beautiful, and although she had been demanded in marriage by many great princes, yet she would wed with none, but, for her solitary and holy life, was commonly called the lost devotee. . . . King Garinter, who was somewhat stricken in years, took delight in hunting. It happened one day, that having gone from his town of Alima to the chase, and being separated from his people, as he went along the forest saying his prayers, he saw to the left a brave battle of one knight against two.

The one knight slays his opponents, and proves to be Perion, king of Gaul. Garinter invites him to come home with him, and he slays a lion in his way for a little diversion. As was to be expected, the guest and Elisena fall in love, and (such is the usual course in all these romances) by-and-by Elisena becomes the mother of Amadis, the hero of the tale. She is obliged to conceal his birth, for death would be her punishment.—"This, so cruel and abominable custom, endured till the coming of the good king Arthur, who was the best king that ever there reigned, and he revoked it at the time when he slew Floyon in battle before the gates of Paris!" The character of Amadis represents the model of a perfect knight, *sans peur et sans reproche*, glorious in beauty and unrivalled in strength ;

generous, loyal, and brave; the defender of the weak, the avenger of the oppressed; the type of chivalrous gallantry; in short, the embodiment of all the virtues most revered in a semi-barbarous age, and the original of that somewhat anomalous aggregate of qualities which constitutes still the abstract notion of a *high-born gentleman*. It was the natural beau ideal of the fourteenth century, when to fight was more honorable than to think, when the profession of arms was the wonted calling of the great and high-born, and when a certain degree of contempt attached to the pursuit of more peaceful arts and accomplishments. During that momentous illness which transformed Ignatius Loyola from the courtier and the warrior into the religious enthusiast, "*Amadis de Gaul*" was one of his favorite books; and, it will be remembered, the curate especially excepted it, as well as "*Tirante the White*," and "*Palmeirín of England*," when he purged Don Quixote's library. Many were the imitations of this famous romance; and, by way of improving it, Montalvo added sixteen more books containing the whole history of Esplandian, the son of Amadis, written in a style very inferior to the original, thereby, as Mr. Hallam observes, "deserving at least the praise or blame of making the entire work unreadable by the most patient or the most idle of mankind." The extreme unreality, and, still more, the inordinate length of these romances, provoked an antidote. Very heroic they might be, but excessively dull they unquestionably were; and a school of a totally different character sprung up, which exchanged the noble *dramatis personæ* of gallant knights and lovely dames for a far less exalted *corps dramatique*, and founded its claims to popularity on exhibition of the rogueries practised by designing innkeepers, and the grotesque vicissitudes of half-starved servant boys. The short, lively stories of Boccaccio and Sacchetti, and the Spanish *Novela picaresca*, leaving the well-worn themes of chivalry, are founded usually on real or probable incidents, delineated with the comic side outwards, and exposing unscrupulously the vices and foibles of mankind. Faithless wives, dissolute and knavish priests, pages who "get on" by lying and stealing, unsuspecting masters duped by transparent tricks, are the most prominent characters in these tales, sketched often with much humor, but oftener still with much greater coarseness. Broad practical jokes, and the vulgar triumphs and disappointments of clever rogues and vain fools, are, after all, but mean subjects for art; and even the inimitable pen of Le Sage does not elevate the comic novel much above the level of a burlesque — it is still the Farce of Romance. It is sometimes urged, that works of this character are truer

to nature, and exhibit human life in more faithful colors, than those which paint scenes of a higher and sublimer kind; and this no doubt is true, but only partially so. It is true that a Gil Blas may be more easily met with than a Bayard, that a Pecksniff is a commoner character than a Sidney, and that Becky Sharps are more plentiful than Lady Jane Greys. But a work professedly comic restricts itself in great measure to the low moral standard and sordid schemes of heroes like Gil Blas, rarely touching upon higher ground; and herein lies its untruth. If it be false to describe the average run of mankind as demigods, it is equally so to set them down as systematic rascals, and of the two extremes a caricatured portrait is less pleasing than an ideal one. The intrigues and witticisms of a buffoon, however well related, awaken but a poor kind of interest; and the writer whose pictures of life provoke only a broad grin, has taken too low and too narrow a view of human nature to deserve a high place among the masters of fiction. The Spanish and Italian novels of this class are deeply impregnated with that mocking and licentious spirit which is the natural tone of thought in an age too enlightened for superstition, but neither earnest nor pure enough for morality, and the mind turns away at once saddened and revolted by the impression of intense earthliness and sensuality these stories leave upon it. In comparison with them, the old-fashioned tales of chivalry are refined and ennobling, but the taste for these last was already declining when Cervantes gave it its deathblow, and the follies of the immortal knight of La Mancha compelled the world to recognize the absurdity of perpetuating ideas long since outgrown and obsolete. The old, unreal and artificial style, however, lingered tenaciously, and especially in France. D'Urfé in pastoral, and Gemberville in the heroic style (which simply means calling character cast in the approved chivalous mould by historical names), had a fashionable popularity in the time of Louis XIII., though to modern readers they are unspeakably tame and tedious; Calprenède poured forth his voluminous "*Cassandra*" in ten octavo volumes; and the celebrated Madle. de Scuderi — the correspondent of Queen Christina, and the honored of the Grande Monarque — delighted her contemporaries by her equally long romances of Cyrus and Clélie. It is to France, nevertheless, that we owe the first attempt to shake off the fetters of precedent and fashion in novel-writing, and to exhibit the living manners of living people in place of the tedious felicities of Arcadius, à la Louis Quatorze. Towards the end of the seventeenth century, before Fielding or Richardson were born, Madame La Fayette published a novel, in which she has described the characters and manners of

her own time, and for which she deserves to be remembered. This work, entitled "*La Princesse de Cleves*," was very popular in its day; Fontenelle professed to have read it through four several times; it was patronized by theologians, and quoted in sermons. The story turns upon the unhappy, but not guilty, attachment of a married lady and her lover; but, in justice to Madame La Fayette, we must add, that she has avoided the style of treatment by which the modern echoes of that unending plot contrive to amaze inexperienced, and startle modest readers; and "*La Princesse de Cleves*" is singularly free from the coarseness which characterizes our own earlier novels, and the sentimental viciousness of a numerous tribe of French ones and their imitators.

The page of English romance was almost a blank until the last century, and, for this, two reasons may be given; the first, that Britain was, for a long time, considerably behind France and Spain in civilization and luxury; the second, that it was immersed in the more serious work of repeated civil wars. Prose fiction is not the expression of very earnest feeling; a man may dash off a military song like Tyrtæus of old, or young Körner in later days, whilst awaiting the shock of the combat, and the excitement of the moment will give it a higher perfection than art could bestow; for poetry is the language of passion, and the reader is carried away by his human sympathy with the feeling of the writer, rather than by his description of it. But a prose fiction requires leisure and thought; it is not the outpouring of a heart too full to be silent, but a work of time and art; and when war is at our doors, and its ravages are seen by our hearths and in our homes, a man is not exactly in the mood to sit in his study and compose a history of fictitious dangers and woes; he has too many real ones to think of to leave his mind calm enough for the work. Sir Philip Sidney's "*Arcadia*," however, which appeared in the reign of Elizabeth, showed that when the sword was laid down, the same hand had no inaptitude for the pen, and the last of the chevaliers *sans peur et sans reproche* was the last to echo the old themes that belonged to a time already past. A fiercer struggle than that of the Roses was already in preparation, and when the strong hand which had held the reins of the state resigned them to the weaker grasp of James, men's minds were too deeply occupied with the stern realities of life to think of light literature. The feeling which was becoming general in the nation may be gathered from Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson's description of the new reign:—"The honor, wealth, and glory of the nation wherein Queen Elizabeth left it, were soon prodigally wasted by this thriftless heir: the nobility of the land utterly

debased by selling honors to public sale, and conferring them on persons that had neither blood nor merits fit to wear, nor estates to bear up their titles, but were fain to invent projects to pill (plunder) the people and pick their purses for the maintenance of vice and lewdness. The apostasy from holiness stirred up sorrow, indignation, and fear in all that retained any love of God in the land, whether ministers or people; the ministers warned the people of the approaching judgments of God, but at court they were hated, disgraced, and reviled, and, in scorn, had the name of Puritan fixed upon them." The storm which was thus seen gathering in the distance, soon overshadowed the land; and the great rebellion once more called on men to abandon the pen for the sword. It was not till peace was restored that the leisure of a former soldier in the parliamentary army gave a place in this department of literature even to Puritanism; and "*The Pilgrim's Progress*"—the most universally popular fiction ever written—expressed the feeling of the age just past. A great change came over the country with the restoration of the licentious Charles II., and it had its exponent in the questionable productions of Aphra Behn, and the plays of Congreve and others, which the nicer taste, if not the greater purity of modern times has banished, in great measure, from our theatres, and wholly from the drawing-room.

Another stormy period made a fresh pause in the history of fiction, and it was not till the arbitrary projects of the second James had been defeated, and the liberties of England established on a firm foundation, that our sober countrymen found time to think of amusing themselves with—we must not say the *lighter* productions of literary art, for the ponderous size of Richardson's novels forbids the term—but with the fictitious interest attached to unreal personages. From this period the revolution in the style of English fiction was complete. The heroes and heroines of Richardson's novels seem as far removed from our own habits and modes of thinking as if they had lived in the days of King Alfred, but they are men and women notwithstanding; the feelings and passions common to human nature in all ages, are worked out in all their nicer shades with the hand of a master, and however stiff and stately they may appear, we still feel, that beneath shirt-frills and square coats, hoops and ruffles, the heart beat with the same emotions, the brain teemed with the same busy thoughts as our own. Fiction had now established itself as an art, and the novelist put in a claim to the chair of the moralist and the philosopher. The greater refinement of manners in modern days may render Richardson's pictures of life revolting to our more fastidious tastes, and we may doubt his judgment in unveiling

scenes of vice which the pure need never witness in real life; but never are these scenes made to pander to the evil passions of human nature; and they inspire as much disgust in the perusal as would be felt by the innocent in witnessing the reality. We can hardly say the same of his successors in the art. Fielding and Smollett, however clever in their delineations and sometimes caricatures of life, offend by, we had almost said, the studied coarseness of even their best scenes and descriptions; and if, as we have assumed, the most popular works of fiction may be taken as a measure of the taste and morals of the age which admired them, we must place those of our ancestors very low. Fielding professedly writes from nature; nor could he have won his great popularity as a living writer had his characters been too much exaggerated to appear truthful in the eyes of his own generation; but even when all allowance is made for the degree of caricature almost inseparable from comic writing, what an impression his novels leave of low sentiment, coarse habits, and the prevalence of gross vice everywhere, and in all classes! What a scene, for instance, is that in which Parson Adams and Fanny are brought before the justice, who, "in the height of his mirth and his cups, bethought himself of the prisoners, and telling his company he believed they should have good sport in their examination, ordered them into his presence!" The drunken guests who assail the girl with indecent jokes; the wag of the party, who insists upon "capping" verses with Adams; the discovery of the manuscript of *Æschylus* in the possession of the latter, which the justice and his clerk consider to be some seditious document in cipher, while one of the company ventures to suggest that "it looked very much like Greek," but not having seen any for so long, he hesitates to decide the question; and the final reference of this knotty point to the rector of the parish, who settles it by pronouncing the manuscript to be an ancient copy of one of the fathers, commencing with the catechism in Greek, "*Pollaki toi*—what's your name?" form altogether a scene such as it is to be hoped could never be witnessed in these days. Yet that it was not very much beyond the truth may be gathered from a nearly contemporary witness, who, not having the interest of a story to keep up, had no temptation to over-coloring. Mr. Addison, in a paper on precedence, terms rural squires "the illiterate body of the nation," and excuses their position, below the three learned professions, because "they are in a state of ignorance, or, as we usually say, do not know their right hand from their left." Although in doing so we are guilty of anticipating the subject somewhat, we cannot resist the temptation of bringing past and present into contrast by comparing

Mr. Thackeray's "*Esmond*" with the veritable novels of those unspiritual days. In spite of its almost faultless style, and general accuracy of costume and color, we feel at once that it is the work of a mind reared in a different atmosphere, and grown in a richer soil. No great author of our time, least of all Mr. Thackeray, could write like either Fielding or Smollett, and the work would not be tolerated were it attempted. There is one point especially which is a marked and peculiar characteristic of Mr. Thackeray's writing, and which betrays, most of all, the thinker of the nineteenth century disguised in the velvet coat and wig of Queen Anne's reign. In his searching and unflinching exposure of those moral and social hollownoses which observers less faithful most readily gloss over, Mr. Thackeray has not spared the fireside, and has laid bare the unspoken and unpitied woes which lurk there, with stern and terrible justice. No female pen, even in these days, has more resolutely denied the old-fashioned and pleasant belief in the happiness of marriage and the fair lot of woman therein; and, a century ago, certainly such philosophy as Mr. Thackeray's on such a subject would hardly have occurred to a plain gentleman like Mr. Henry Esmond. Let any one contrast the character of Fielding's *Amelia*—the model wife, who loves her husband rather better than she did before on discovering his infidelity—with the following reflections, and he will see at once how great is the change which has come over the spirit of this age.

There's not a writer of my time of any note, with the exception of poor Dick Steele, that does not speak of a woman as of a slave, and scorn and use her as such. Mr. Pope, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Addison, Mr. Gay, every one of 'em sings in this key; each according to his nature and politeness; and louder and fouler than all in abuse, is Dr. Swift, who spoke of them as he treated them, worst of all. . . . If it be painful to a woman to find herself mated for life to a boor, and ordered to love and honor a dullard; it is worse still for the man, himself, perhaps, whenever in his dim comprehension the idea dawns that his slave and drudge yonder is, in truth, his superior; that the woman who does his bidding and submits to his humors, should be his lord; that she can think a thousand things beyond the power of his muddled brains, and that in yonder head, on the pillow opposite him, lie a thousand feelings, mysteries of thought, latent scorn and rebellions, whereof he only dimly perceives the existence as they look out furtively from her eyes; treasures of love doomed to perish without a hand to gather them; sweet fancies and images of beauty that would grow and unfold themselves into flowers; bright wit that would shine like diamonds could it be brought into the sun; and the tyrant in possession crushes the outbreak of all these, drives them back like slaves into the dungeon and

darkness, and chafes without that his prisoner is rebellious, and his sworn subject undutiful and refractory. So the lamp was out in Castlewood Hall, and the lord and lady saw each other as they were; with her illness and altered beauty, my lord's fire for his wife disappeared; with his selfishness and faithlessness her foolish fiction of love and reverence was rent away. Love! — who is to love what is base and unlovely? Respect! — who is to respect what is gross and sensual? Not all the marriage oaths sworn before all the parsons, cardinals, ministers, muftis and rabbins in the world can bind to that monstrous allegiance. — *Esmond*, vol. i., p. 248.

This Review has already borne ample testimony to the rare merits of Mr. Thackeray's works; a further recurrence to them here, therefore, would be out of place, but it was impossible to speak of the novels of the eighteenth century without being reminded of a book whose best merits are perhaps those which render it most unlike the literature of the period it is designed to illustrate.

As the last century approached its close, the change of manners once more marked itself strongly in the fictions of the time. Lady authors became more numerous — the Minerva press looms heavily in the distance, and the new school makes up for its inferiority in power and nature, by irreproachable modesty and propriety of tone. It was reserved to the present century to prove that both qualities could exist together. Clara Reeve's "Old English Baron," and the multitude of romances of its age and stamp, strike us as more rapid than their kindred compositions of the present; but it is rather the old-fashioned style and diction of the former which sound stiff and strange to our ears, than much intrinsic excellence in the latter, that produce this impression. For ourselves, we much question whether the popularity of many favorite novels to be had now "at all the libraries" will outlive Mrs. Inchbald's; and we do not see that the authoresses whose pages are full of excruciating heart agonies, and minute descriptions of the state of the weather, have claims to more lasting fame than Mrs. Radcliffe has won by her tremendous apparatus of thunder-storms and trap-doors. It was the fashion then to construct a story out of strange and unnatural circumstances — it is the fashion now to elaborate it out of morbid feelings and over-wrought sensibilities, and, like all fashions which contradict nature, both must pass away, for both have grown out of a taste which must be transitory. To secure an enduring name, something more than this is needed, and the high reputation which Miss Austin's novels gained, and still retain, is a proof of the ready appreciation which is always felt when an author dares to be natural. Without brilliancy of any kind — without imagination,

depth of thought, or wide experience, Miss Austin, by simply describing what she knew and had seen, and making accurate portraits of very tiresome and uninteresting people, is recognized as a true artist, and will continue to be admired, when many authors more ambitious, and believing themselves filled with a much higher inspiration, will be neglected and forgotten. There is an instinct in every unwarped mind which prefers truth to extravagance; and a photographic picture, if it be only of a kitten or a hay-stack, is a pleasanter subject in the eyes of most persons (were they brave enough to admit it), than many a glaring piece of mythology, which those who profess to worship High Art find themselves called upon to pronounce divine. People will persist in admiring what they can appreciate and understand, and Wilkie will keep his place among national favorites when poor Haydon's *Dentatus* is turned to the wall. But Miss Austin's accurate scenes from dull life, and Miss Burney's long histories of amiable and persecuted heroines, though belonging to the modern and reformed school of novels, must still be classed in the lower division. As pictures of manners, they are interesting and amusing, but they want the broader foundation, the firm, granite substratum, which the great masters who have followed them have taught us to expect. They show us too much of the littlenesses and trivialities of life, and limit themselves so scrupulously to the sayings and doings of dull, ignorant, and disagreeable people, that their very truthfulness makes us yawn. They fall short of fulfilling the objects and satisfying the necessities of fiction in its highest aspect — as the art whose office it is "to interest, to please, and sportively to elevate — to take man from the low passions and miserable troubles of life into a higher region, to beguile weary and selfish pain, to excite a generous sorrow at vicissitudes not his own, to raise the passions into sympathy with heroic troubles, and to admit the soul into that serener atmosphere from which it rarely returns to ordinary existence without some memory or association which ought to enlarge the domain of thought, and exalt the motives of action."*

It was a happy opening of a rich and unworked mine when Miss Edgeworth gave her humorously descriptive tales of Irish life to the world — most happy if, as Sir Walter Scott declares, they had the merit of first suggesting to him the idea of a series of stories illustrative of the character and manners of his own country, and we owe the Waverley novels to that idea. Of those world-renowned fictions, eulogy seems superfluous, and criti-

* Sir E. B. Lytton, preface to "Night and Morning."

cism almost impertinent. They have long since taken their honored place in all English hearts and book-cases, and even the grand discovery, made some few years back by a certain class of reformers, that the tendency of some of them is so pernicious and dangerous, that they cannot safely be put in the hands of the young, has, we trust and believe, not effected much towards dislodging them. Never, perhaps, did any author win so quickly, and retain so permanently, universal popularity, as Walter Scott. He had the unusual fortune to be as thoroughly appreciated during his lifetime as he has been since—not even a Frenchman, emulous of adding an article to the creed which affirms the mediocrity of Shakspeare and the incompetency of Wellington, has ventured to doubt his genius or grudge his fame, and the happy talent with which the author of “*Aimé Vert*” has imitated his tone of thought and coloring in that clever story, purporting to be a French translation of an unpublished work by him, tells of a familiar acquaintance with the original on the part of the author, and the public he wrote for. Mr. James has unhappily proved that historical novels are not of necessity either engrossing or brilliant, but until “*Waverley*” set the example, no one had tried to write them, and the transition from the harmless twaddle and weak nonsense of the old-fashioned romances to the pages of “*Ivanhoe*” and “*Old Mortality*” was something very like enchantment. To restore the image of times long past, and to give it its natural tone—to be, as it were, the interpreter between far distant ages—is perhaps the highest, as it is unquestionably the most difficult, achievement of Fiction, and here, with but one exception, Scott is still unrivalled. Sir E. B. Lytton moves in an orbit so widely distinct, that he can hardly be called a rival, or his works be brought into comparison, but the claims of “*The Last of the Barons*” to be ranked among the most perfect examples of the historical romance, demand that timely qualification.

The highest art is that which, to superficial observers, seems to be no art at all. An actor who cannot charm his audience into forgetting that he is merely sustaining a part, breaks the illusion, and mars the whole effect of the piece. He must enter so entirely into the spirit of his author's conception, as never for an instant to betray his own personality by look or gesture, and he must so completely identify himself with the character he represents as to avoid the slightest inappropriateness of tone, and every appearance of a constrained or unnatural manner. The considerate sailor who, seeing that a confidential interview was beginning on the stage, whispered to his companion, “These chaps seem to have something to say they don't want us to hear; had n't we

better go away!” unconsciously paid the highest possible compliment to the performers; and the same power of complete identification requisite to a great actor, is as essential to the writer of narrative-fiction, though there is this superadded difficulty in his case, that his characters must be able to speak and act of themselves, without any of those advantages of actual representation, *que sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus*. All the finer touches of nature and expression which the dramatist entrusts to the interpreting skill of his actors, the novel-writer must himself bestow, and by the far less vivid medium of words. Judging, then, of the *Waverley* novels by this, which will be acknowledged as the true test—the degree in which they succeed in setting before our eyes the living image of the times and personages described—their wonderful perfection is at once apparent. As far removed from tameness on the one hand, as extravagance on the other, they have all the interest of truth without being prosaic, and all the charm of invention without seeming improbable. In the whole range of fiction it would be impossible to mention any author, the tone of whose works is so thoroughly healthy and pure as Sir Walter Scott's. Moral conclusions are never thrust upon us in them, any more than they are in the world, but our sympathies are always on the side of right and goodness; honesty is never sacrificed for dramatic effect, nor is vice ever made fascinating. There is not a word or an allusion which can leave the shadow of a stain on the most guileless and inexperienced mind, and the untold delight which has hence been permitted to hundreds and thousands of young enthusiastic readers, is perhaps the noblest and holiest tribute to genius. Happy the author whom the wise honor, and children love! As yet, the *Waverley* novels stand alone; surpassing their predecessors as much in beauty of narrative and masterly completeness of invention, as in purity and morality of tone, they are scarcely less dissimilar to the present school. We are too deeply immersed in schisms and controversies, and the fierce life-and-death struggle of this “*Latter-day*” to produce an author with a genius equal to Walter Scott's, who would be content to devote it (even supposing, what is very problematical, that it would pay) to the production of volume after volume, with no other object but that of affording simple amusement, unspiced by satire and unflavored by passion; intended only to produce that happy, rational, and placid kind of enjoyment which we feel in the works of the great Scotch novelist. The only author who (*longo intervallo*!) follows in the same path is Mr. James; and, unless it be in the quantity of letter-press, few will discover the resemblance between his novels and those of

Scott, excepting perhaps the unhappy individuals who fill the offices of "reader" and book-binder for Mr. Newby!

As we approach our own times, our task becomes more difficult. Every year pours forth a score or so of works which are invariably described "as the most popular of any that have appeared for many years;" and each, if it be inquired after at no very long interval, is wiped out from the recollection of booksellers and circulating libraries, and you are offered some new pretender to fame which will be as speedily forgotten. But these form no criterion of the public taste, and it will be for the inquirer of the next age to pick up on the shores of time the wrecks of the present, and point out from those fragments of our lighter literature that have had solidity enough to be preserved, the general tendency of the national mind at the present period. There is, indeed, hardly a theory, an opinion, or a crochets, which has not been given to the world in the three-volume form. Every rank, grade, profession, and almost every trade, has been shown up or cried down, pleaded for or protested against, through the same convenient medium. Our supposed inquirer, if he took up "Tremaine," would find himself plunged into some common place arguments against atheism; Mrs. Trollope would unveil for him the sufferings of factory-boys; he would encounter a kind of political manifesto and confession of faith in the brilliant pages of "Coningsby;" "Hawkstone"—if it has not gone to the butter-shop, and enlightened Irish barrow-women before that time—"Hawkstone," if surviving, will teach him how important it was once thought to furnish a model-protégé hero with a rosary; while the large class of "serious" novels and novellettes which edify the present generation with such remarkable examples of drawing-room theology, will probably, long ere that, have vanished with the phase of mind which produced them. A few will survive, and, foremost among the authors who, less as artists than as prophets, teachers, and politicians, have sent forth their views in the guise of romance, will appear the author of "Hypatia." The ability which guides Mr. Kingsley's bold, adventurous pen was sufficiently manifested in "Alton Locke," and the same ability, mingled with a yet more daring and a wilder originality, shone in the less attractive pages of "Yeast." Vigorous, almost insolent in style, and fearlessly exposing many a varnished hypocrisy and ghastly sore both in high life and in low, these works are also the expression of Mr. Kingsley's peculiar and somewhat incoherent views upon questions moral, social, and religious. In the work now before us, he has endeavored to make history echo and confirm these opinions, and has put

forth an historical character to illustrate them. But *this* "Hypatia" has failed to do; and it affords a strong presumption against some of the author's favorite theories, that, in trying to make them fit, and to work them out in connection with a character whose real outline, at least, is preserved to us with tolerable distinctness, he has been obliged to deviate so widely from the common probabilities of human nature, that he has produced a distorted and unnatural figure, out of all harmony with the recorded facts.

The dignity of "ambassador from the court of Truth" has ever been the true vocation of Fiction; but it must show its title to that honorable distinction by the credentials it bears; and if these be of doubtful authenticity, we naturally question the trustworthiness of the envoy. The writer of historical fiction is not less bound than the historian himself to make his version of the subject he has chosen accord strictly with fact and probability; and if he substitute his own private ideas of what *ought* to have been for what *really was*, he betrays his trust, and lends his powers to misrepresent rather than to elucidate the past. More especially is this the case when a great character is at stake; for most readers will believe a pleasant fiction rather than grope into dry historical records. So, on the authority of Shakespeare, we have all learnt to think of Richard the Third as a hideous misshapen monster; but, in fact, that monarch, though short in stature, possessed a fine and "princely countenance," and, so far from being hunchbacked, was remarkable for strength and agility. Those who take up their opinions of Hypatia from Mr. Kingsley's tale, in spite of its accuracy with regard to actual facts, will imbibe a scarcely less distorted notion of the intellectual features of that martyr philosopher. Her historical existence seems to be so little known, and we have heard the question, "Who was Hypatia?" so often asked, that it may not be superfluous to give a brief sketch of her history, as it has been handed down by Socrates Scholasticus, and other later authorities.

She was the daughter of Theon, a distinguished mathematician of Alexandria, attached to the famous museum of that city, as a professor, about the end of the fourth, and beginning of the fifth century of our era. Hypatia was instructed by her father in his own science, and afterwards studied at Athens, then celebrated for its schools of rhetoric. On her return to Alexandria, her extraordinary acquirements became the subjects of universal admiration, for, according to Socrates, "she excelled all the philosophers of that time;" and was invited to succeed her father as head of the Alexandrian school, and to teach from the same chair which had been filled by

Ammonius, Hierocles, and many others of note. Her system was eclectic, but the exact sciences formed the basis of her public teaching; and, according to Schoell, "elle introduisit la première une méthode rigoureuse dans l'enseignement de la philosophie." The letters of her friend and pupil, Synesius, the eccentric, learned, and philosophizing bishop of Ptolemais, bear ample testimony to the unbounded esteem and reverence he entertained for her. Writing to her, on the death of one of his children, he addresses her as his "Mother, sister, teacher, or whatsoever other name is honorable;" and bids his brother greet "the honored and most beloved of God, the mistress of philosophy, and that happy company that enjoys her divine voice." In another place, in speaking of the departed greatness of Athens, he says, "In our age, Egypt is nourished by the seeds of knowledge which Hypatia sows; but once Athens was the home of wisdom." He writes to consult her respecting a book he meditated publishing; and a silver astrolabe, he presented to a brother philosopher, was made under her directions. The fame of one who was as beautiful and virtuous as she was wise, drew a crowd of hearers to her academy, and roused the jealousy of the Christians, and of their fiery bishop, Cyril, the famous Alexandrian patriarch. Besides her influence as a teacher of "the several sciences that go under the name of philosophy," Hypatia was the friend and adviser of the civil magistrates, who regularly visited her; and "on account of the grave courage of mind she gained from her learning," says Socrates, "and her modest, matron-like behavior, she scrupled not to appear before the judges, and was not ashamed to come thus openly before men, for her extraordinary discretion made her to be both admired and respected by all." Orestes, the prefect of the city, had quarrelled irreconcilably with Cyril, and had nearly fallen a victim to the fury of some Nitrian monks, who came to Alexandria burning to avenge their spiritual ruler; and the prefect's intimacy and friendship with Hypatia (though himself a baptized Christian) being well known, she was considered as the cause of the disunion between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities. A word was enough to inflame that raging fanaticism which made the monks of Nitria a terror to their neighbors; and Hypatia was doomed. During Lent, A. D. 415, the Christian mob, headed by Peter, a reader of the church, watched their opportunity, seized her, bore her away to the Cesareum, and there put her to the barbarous death which Mr. Kingsley has described with so much dramatic and terrible reality. Such is the testimony of history. But what do we gather from Mr. Kingsley's portrait of Hypatia? We cannot suspect Socrates, a Christian,

of undue partiality towards a pagan, a woman, and a public teacher of philosophy; but, as we have seen, he represents her as no less wise than learned. Mr. Kingsley's Hypatia, on the contrary, is a being whom, if we did not pity, we should almost despise. Cold, presumptuous, and shallow, we see a pedantic dreamer, and blind enthusiast, duped and guided by the base counsels of Orestes, whom she detests, and betrayed into becoming his passive tool against her conscience and her judgment, by specious reasonings and unconvincing arguments, which she is too weak to resist, and too foolish to see through. Such a being, under another aspect, Mr. Kingsley had already drawn in "Yeast;" and the principle which, in both cases, he means to illustrate, appears to us so vicious in itself and in its results, that we deem it important to point it out. According to Mr. Kingsley's system, no woman, however wise and pure, can withstand the will of any man, however base and vile. If she loves—as in the case of Argemone—her subjugation is total—reason, conscience, choice, are mute and powerless; and if she hates, like Hypatia, she is equally at the mercy of the man who thinks it worth while to subdue her. Ordinary experience will not allow us to subscribe to this system, nor would we willingly believe in a doctrine which renders all our dreams of social regeneration and of higher moral influence, as women reach a better position, altogether hopeless and vain. According to a venerable rhyme:—

Nine times in ten
Old women are worth as much as old men.

And the concentrated wisdom of ages which lies embalmed in those proverbial axioms should not be lightly set aside. At any rate, Mr. Kingsley does not prove his case. After imagining certain unique specimens of womanhood, whose claims to even an ordinary amount of sense and discretion are extremely doubtful, he points to these as proofs of the inevitable failure which must ensue when the "woman takes her stand on the false masculine ground of intellect," and requires us to be thereby convinced that intellect and womanly goodness are essentially opposed and irreconcilable; and, as an encouragement to virtue on the part of the sex generally, the heartless and unfeeling conduct of the female philosopher is put in unfavorable contrast with that of Pelagia the courtesan, who, from a life of vanity and pollution, in the most polluted city of the corruptest age of the rotten empire, having never known what it was to resist a caprice or curb a passion, suddenly emerges, great and heroic, ready to sacrifice her life in the sublime (if mistaken) generosity of the purest and most disinterested affection. We have ceased to believe in witches and love-

potions, and it is time that this false and vulgar creed should also pass away. Justly may the treatment of such as Pelagia by the untired and the untempted be exposed for what it is—pharisaical uncharitableness and barbarous cruelty; but true wisdom should equally guard us against that unhallowed doctrine which denies to woman the best virtue and the purest happiness of human nature; which belies the goodness of the Creator as the Giver of powers which she cannot unfold and exercise without spoiling, instead of ennobling her mission; and which consigns her helplessly to the sole guidance of passion and instinct, and cruelly assures her that *they* cannot mislead, and that, in implicit obedience to them, she will find her most blessed destiny. Mr. Kingsley makes a hot and righteous onslaught upon the “Manichean” notions which condemn the animal nature as utterly unclean, and which would make holiness consist in forcibly stifling every natural emotion and gentler affection, and he has almost an eleventh commandment against the sin of celibacy. History shows how fearful will always be the reaction after this attempt at improving upon nature; but it also tells of the, if possible, worse consequences of the opposite extreme. The most exalted excellence is compatible with the erroneous endeavor to crucify the flesh instead of keeping it in wholesome subjection; but once teach that the appetites and passions, being natural, may therefore be indulged without check, and everything good, and fair, and lovely in the world, sinks and perishes under the blight of sensuality. We live in days when the relative position of the sexes, and the better understanding of woman’s place and duties, are questions of no little moment, and therefore it is we have recorded our protest here against a class of opinions which have their strong-hold in the novel-writer’s system of ethics. Let us return from this digression, to other portions of Mr. Kingsley’s work, and introduce our readers to Alexandria, as it burst on the astonished gaze of the young monk, Philammon, fresh from the desert:—

Passing, one after another, world-old cities, now dwindled to decaying towns, and numberless canal mouths, now fast falling into ruin with the fields to which they insured fertility, under the pressure of Roman extortion and misrule, they had entered, one evening, the mouth of the great canal of Alexandria, slid easily all night across the star-bespangled shadows of Lake Marcotis, and found themselves, when the next morning dawned, among the countless masts and noisy quays of the greatest seaport in the world. The motley crowd of foreigners, the hubbub of all dialects from the Crimea to Cadiz, the vast piles of merchandise, and heaps of wheat lying unsheltered in that rainless air, the huge bulk of the corn-ships lading for Rome, whose tall sides rose story over story, like floating palaces, above the buildings of

some inner dock—these sights and a hundred more, made the young monk think that the world did not look, at first sight, a thing to be despised. In front of heaps of fruit, fresh from the market-boats, black groups of glossy negro-slaves were basking and laughing on the quay, looking anxiously and coquettishly round in hopes of a purchaser; they evidently did not think the change from desert toil to city luxuries a change for the worse. Philammon turned away his eyes from beholding vanity; but only to meet fresh vanity wheresoever they fell. He felt crushed by the multitude of new objects, stunned by the din around, and scarcely recollected himself enough to seize the first opportunity of escaping from his dangerous companions. . . . The novel roar and whirl of the street, the perpetual stream of busy faces, the line of curricles, palanquins, laden asses, camels, elephants, which met and passed him, and squeezed him up steps and into doorways, as they threaded their way through the great Moor-gate into the ample street beyond, drove everything from his mind but wondering curiosity, and a vague, helpless dread of that great living wilderness, more terrible than any dead wilderness of sand which he had left behind. Already he longed for the repose, the silence of the Laura—for faces which knew him and smiled upon him; but it was too late to turn back now. His guide held on for more than a mile up the great main street, crossed in the centre of the city, at right angles, by one equally magnificent, at each end of which, miles away, appeared, dim and distant over the head of the living stream of passengers, the yellow sand-hills of the desert; while at the end of the vista in front of them gleamed the blue harbor through a net-work of countless masts. At last they reached the quay at the opposite end of the street, and there burst upon Philammon’s astonished eyes a vast semicircle of blue sea, ringed with palaces and towers. . . . The overwhelming vastness, multiplicity, and magnificence of the whole scene; the range of buildings, such as mother earth never, perhaps, carried on her lap before or since; the extraordinary variety of form—the pure Doric and Ionic of the earlier Ptolemies, the barbaric and confused gorgeousness of the later Roman, and here and there an imitation of the grand elephantine style of old Egypt, its gaudy colors relieving, while they deepened, the effect of its massive and simple outlines; the eternal repose of that great belt of stone contrasting with the restless ripple of the glittering harbor, and the busy sails which crowded out into the sea beyond, like white doves taking their flight into boundless space;—all dazzled, overpowered, saddened him. . . . This was the world. Was it not beautiful? Must not the men who made all this have been, if not great, yet—he knew not what? Surely they had great souls and noble thoughts in them! Surely there was something godlike in being able to create such things! Not for themselves alone too, but for a nation—for generations yet unborn. And there was the sea, and beyond it nations of men innumerable. His imagination was dizzy with thinking of them. Were they all doomed—lost? Had God no love for them?—pp. 90—99, vol. I.

Passages of striking and vivid beauty abound in these volumes; there is a rugged strength in Mr. Kingsley's style which compensates for occasional inelegancies; but such phrases as a "four in hand," and "horses are a bore," are especially out of place in the mouth of an Alexandrian Jew, and bring us down unpleasantly to the "fast" undergraduate. The style of writing of the time, nevertheless, is admirably imitated, especially in Augustine's sermon, and in Hypatia's lecture we have allegorizing worthy of Philo, and metaphysics nearly as incomprehensible as Professor Oken's. Old Miriam, the nun-Jewess, and dealer in slave girls, is one of those half-supernatural monsters who do the part of mystery in stories, and carries everything before her by the help of an evil eye. In the character of her son, Raphael Aben Ezra, a deep moral is intended, but its effect is injured by being overstrained, and soliloquies like the following become tiresome:—

O divine æther! as Prometheus has it, and ye swift-winged breezes (I wish there were any here) when will it all be over? Three and thirty years have I endured already of this Babel of knaves and fools; and with this abominable good health of mine, which won't even help me with gout or indigestion, I am likely to have three and thirty years more of it. I know nothing, and I care for nothing; and I actually can't take the trouble to prick a hole in myself, and let the very small amount of wits out, to see something really worth seeing, and try its strength at something really worth doing—if, after all, the other side of the grave does not turn out to be just as stupid as this one. . . . When will it be all over and I in Abraham's bosom—or any one else's, provided it be not a woman's?

From this hopeful state of mind Raphael is brought back to truth and happiness by witnessing the *practical* Christianity of the prefect of one of Heraclian's routed legions, and of his daughter, Victoria, who wins his heart and becomes his wife; but the personage we were first introduced to suddenly disappears, and the hasty process of regeneration is too much like a moral miracle. And again, in attributing to Hypatia the hopeless ambition of restoring the old faith, and giving her nothing for her own creed but a barren riddle, Mr. Kingsley taxes our credulity too far. There is no historical foundation whatever for the supposition, and the circumstances of the case render it most improbable. Hypatia is represented as having died young, yet she had acquired a great reputation for learning and eloquence, and one whose life must have been spent in close study, and whose writings were on subjects that imply deep mathematical knowledge, was hardly likely to have been at the same time devoted to a wild and visionary project, fifty years after the Emperor Julian had proved its futility. Such Christi-

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anity as she saw at Alexandria might well disincite her to that faith, but the impression we gather of her character from Synesius' letters is totally at variance with Mr. Kingsley's hypothesis.

The portraits of Cyril and of his regular and irregular forces of monks are admirable, and evince great knowledge of the time, and of the fierce spirit of retaliation which is ever born of persecution. The chapter, "A Day in Alexandria," from which we have already quoted, is in Mr. Kingsley's best style, and vividly exemplifies the truth of Socrates' observation, that "the people of Alexandria are most especially prone to quarrels and tumults, which seldom take place without bloodshed." The party of forty Goths, whom, contrary to their wont, we find living luxuriously with a set of dancing girls, without wives, children, or wagons, will seem rather out of place to the readers of Jornandes and Procopius; but, excusing the marvel of their appearance in this character at Alexandria, it must be owned that they are grand barbarians, and that the contrast they are meant to afford to the effeminate "donkey riders" is given with wonderful effect. We will conclude our notice of Mr. Kingsley's clever, eccentric, and very original book, with a specimen of Gothic small-talk:—

A few yards off lay old Wulf upon his back, his knees in the air, his hands crossed behind his head, keeping up even in his sleep a half-conscious comment of growls on the following intellectual conversation:—"Noble wine this, is it not?" "Perfect. Who bought it for us?"—"Old Miriam bought it at some great tax-farmer's sale. The fellow was bankrupt, and Miriam said she got it for the half what it is worth."—"Serve the penny-turning rascal right. The old vixen fox took care, I'll warrant her, to get her profit out of the bargain."—"Never mind if she did; we can afford to pay like men, if we earn like men."—"We shan't afford it long, at this rate," growled Wulf. "Then we'll go and earn more. I am tired of doing nothing."—"People need not do nothing unless they choose," said Goderic. "Wulf and I had coursing fit for a king, the other morning, on the sand-hills. I had had no appetite for a week before; and I have been as sharp-set as a Danube pike ever since."—"Coursing? what, with those long-legged, brush-tailed brutes, like a fox upon stilts, which the prefect cozened you into buying?"—"All I can say is, we put up a herd of those—what do they call them here—deer with goat's horns?"—"Antelopes?"—"That's it; and the curs ran into them as a falcon does into a skein of ducks. Wulf and I galloped over those accursed sand-heaps till our horses stuck fast; and when they got their wind again, we found each pair of dogs with a deer down between them; and what can man want more, if he cannot get fighting? You eat them, so you need not sneer." . . . "I have not seen a man since I came here, except a dock-worker or two—priests and fine gentlemen they are all—and you don't

call them men, surely?" "What on earth can they do beside riding donkeys?" "Philosophize, they say." "What's that?" "I am sure I don't know; some sort of slave's quill-driving, I suppose." "Pelagia, do you know what philosophizing is?" "No, and I don't care." "I do," quoth Agilmund, with a look of superior wisdom. "I saw a philosopher the other day. I'll tell you. I was walking down the great street, there, going to the harbor; and I saw a crowd of boys—men they call them here—going into a large doorway. So I asked one of them what was doing; and the fellow, instead of answering me, pointed at my legs, and set all the monkeys laughing. So, I boxed his ears, and he tumbled down." "They all do so here if you box their ears," said the Amal, meditatively, as if he had hit upon a great inductive law. "Ah!" said Pelagia, looking up with her most winning smile, "they are not such giants as you, who make a poor little woman feel like a gazelle in the lion's paw!" "Well, it struck me that, as I spoke in Gothic, the boy might not understand me, being a Greek. So I walked in at the door, to save questions, and see for myself. And there a fellow held out his hand—I suppose, for money; so I gave him two or three gold pieces, and a box on the ear, at which he tumbled down, of course, but seemed very well satisfied. So, I walked in." "And what did you see?" "A great hall, large enough for a thousand heroes, full of these Egyptian rascals, scribbling with pencils, on tablets; and, at the farther end of it, the most beautiful woman I ever saw, with right fair hair, and blue eyes, talking, talking. I could not understand it; but the donkey-riders seemed to think it very fine . . . not that I knew what it was about, but one can see somehow, you know. So I fell asleep; and when I woke, and came out, I met some one who understood me, and he told me that it was the famous maiden, the great philosopher." . . . "She must have been an Alruna maiden," said Wulf, half to himself. "What is an Alruna maiden?" asked one of the girls. "Something as like you as a salmon is like a horse-leech. Heroes, will you hear a saga?" "If it is a cool one," said Agilmund, "about ice, and pine-trees, and snow-storms. I shall be roasted brown in three days more."

The saga is too long to quote; but we cannot miss the conversation that follows:—

"I don't like the saga after all. It was a great deal too like what Pelagia here says these philosophers talk about—right and wrong, and that sort of thing." "I don't doubt it." "Now, I like a really good saga, about gods and giants, and the fire-kingdoms, and the snow-kingdoms, and the Æsir making men and women out of two sticks, and all that." "Ay," said the Amal, "something like nothing one ever saw in one's life, all stark mad, and topsy-turvy, like one's dreams, when one has been drunk—something grand, which you cannot understand, but which sets you thinking over it all the morning after." . . . "I like to hear about wild beasts, and ghosts, ogres, and fire-drakes, and nicors—something that one could kill if one had a chance, as one's fathers had."

"Hypatia" is a brilliant example of what we have called the novel with a purpose, ably conceived and finely executed, but vitiated by the departure from actual life which the following up any special theory of the author's own is sure to occasion, if it be not founded on the closest observation and deepest knowledge of human nature. We may now take an instance of a novel without a purpose at all, unless it be the very prosaic one of filling the author's purse. This class too is numerous. The first that comes to our hand is by Miss Kavanagh, which we take up the more readily, as the writer is one who in other walks of literature has already shown both industry and ability, and therefore a new work by her afforded a reasonable prospect of amusement at least. But herein we have been somewhat disappointed. The characteristics of the aimless novel are strong in it, and, in spite of an easy style and agreeable diction, "Daisy Burns" awakens but a languid sort of interest. In common with others of its class, it contains some eloquent passages, pretty sentiments, and a vein of amiable moral reflection, of which we quote a sample—

Self-worship is the sin of Satan; we were never meant to be our own centre, our own hope, our own aim and divinity; there never has been a drearier prison than that which can be to itself a human heart; the other circles of hell are broad and free, compared to this narrowest of dungeons—self locked in self.

Woe to the communion with nature that is only brooding over self, and not a mingling of the soul with the Almighty Creator of all we behold; that seeks in her loneliness none save the images of voluptuous indulgence, and leaves by unread her purer teaching! Rightly even in innocent things have we been warned to guard our senses and our hearts!

Daisy Burns begins life as one of those bewitching little girls who are quite the reigning heroines at present. Such a one is the victim-bridge in Mrs. Norton's melancholy tale of "Stuart of Dunleath." Miss Wetherell chooses sprightlier varieties of the same genus; Miss Muloch condemns the unfortunate gentleman who undertakes the perilous office of guardian in the "Head of the Family," to a life of the most pitiable torture at the hands of one of these mischievous young ladies, whose success in dispensing heartbreak while yet in short frocks and pinafores (*malitia supplet ætatem*) is quite alarming. The greater portion of Miss Kavanagh's work is taken up by the misunderstandings, differences, reconciliations, fresh quarrels and tears, forgivenesses and smiles, which go on between Miss Daisy and her young artist guardian, who, coming back from Italy and finding the pale little girl a captivating woman, is very much in love with her, and endeavors to make her understand that circumstance by expressions which seem adapted to the meanest capacity.

But Daisy does not understand at all, and for a whole year poor Cornelius is subjected to a series of trials and provocations truly distressing. In the mean time, scene after scene such as this occurs: Cornelius speaks—

"Shall I tell you why I find you so very, very charming?" I looked up at him, and passing my arms round his neck, I smiled, as I replied, "Cornelius, it is because as a father you have reared me; because as a father you love me. What wonder, then, that a father should see some sort of beauty in his daughter's face?" Cornelius looked thunderstruck; then, recovering, he gave me an incredulous glance, and attempted a smile, which vanished as he met my astonished look. A burning glow overspread his features; it was not the light blush of boy or girl, called up by idle words, but the ardent fire of a manly heart's deep and passionate emotions. He untwined my arm from around his neck; he rose, his brown eyes lit, his lip trembled. At first he seemed unable to speak; at length he said—"You cannot mean it, Daisy, you cannot mean it." "Why not, Cornelius?" I asked, amazed at his manner. "Do you mean to say that you love me as your father?" "Yes, Cornelius. . . ." "And you thought that I liked you as a father likes his child? I defy you to prove it. Since I returned from Italy, have I not done all I could to show you that your esteem, approbation, praise, and love, were dearer to me than language could express? Have I not, through all our old familiarity, say, have I not, mingled reserve and respect with all my tenderness? . . . I began to feel startled; what did Cornelius mean? I looked up at him and said, earnestly, "Cornelius, I do not understand at all why you are so vexed. Pray tell me!" . . . "The mistake into which I fell, was to think that we understand one another, tacitly, Daisy. I do not love you because I have reared you, but on your own merits, for the sake of that which you have become."

The artist's unromantic sister (upon one occasion, when this obtuse young lady had begged that when Cornelius "married, and had daughters, he should call one of them Daisy") speaks yet more plainly, and asks her "if she does not see she is the apple of his eye?" But Daisy will see nothing; and although "his marriage was the only evil to which she could see no remedy," the same useful sister is obliged to say at last, "He will stay, Daisy, if you will be his wife;" and then nothing can exceed Daisy's delight and astonishment. The luckless Cornelius, however, is condemned to a little longer suspense; and by the time Daisy knows her own mind and his, she has quite exhausted the reader's patience.

The chief fault of "Daisy Burns," and one which it possesses in common with the works of some others of our female novelists, is, that it abounds too much in characters whose lives are passed in a never-ending fever of excited emotion, and whose bursts of tenderness cloy at last, from their monotonous frequency.

Human nature is not so constituted as to be able to keep a never-failing fountain of tears always at work; deep passion and wild sorrow pass over us—whom do they spare?—but they are not the grand occupation of our lives, still less the chief object of them; and there is no more debilitating employment either for those who write, or those who read, than the constant dwelling upon imaginary scenes of passion and morbidly excited feeling. Miss Kavanagh has richer stores than she has drawn from in "Daisy Burns;" and she would do well to work upon a larger canvas, and study nature with closer attention.

We have adduced specimens of two classes of novels now in vogue, but we have yet to notice a third, in which the authors, though professedly taking their incidents from real life, seem to revel in scenes of fury and passion, such as, happily, real life seldom affords. Of this class is Mr. Collins' "Basil;" and as we think it one of a very objectionable school, and as this novel, like others of the same kind, has not been without its admirers, we shall state our reasons for condemning it.

The author styles it a story of modern life, and in one part of a dedicatory letter of excessive length and no small pretension, affirms that the main incident is a fact. If it be so, we must say that he does not entertain the same view of the legitimate uses of fiction as the great master in the art, whose words we have already quoted. Mr. Collins has given us nothing which can "take men from the low passions and miserable troubles of life into a higher region;" on the contrary, he has taken his tale from what we are willing to hope is, if real, a perfectly exceptional case. The incident which forms the foundation of the whole is absolutely disgusting; and it is kept so perseveringly before the eyes of the reader in all its hateful details, that all interest is destroyed in the loathing which it occasions. We must, therefore, doubt the taste as well as the judgment of the writer who goes to such a source in order to draw "a moral lesson from those examples of error and crime;" and still less does he merit the thanks of his readers by determining, as he says, "to do justice to the intensity of his object by speaking out." There are some subjects on which it is not possible to dwell without offence; and Mr. Collins having first chosen one which could neither please nor elevate, has rather increased the displeasure it excites, by his resolution to spare us no revolting details. Yet he has contrived to make these details appear improbable; and the villain of his story has been gifted with a fiend-like perseverance, which, happily for mankind, does not exist; for man becomes weary, after a time, of one passion, or one pursuit, and the less principle he has

to bind him to a straight course, the more does he diverge into fresh paths, entangling himself at last in so inextricable a maze, that it is not often easy for a mere spectator to guess why such and such steps are taken which in themselves appear so imprudent. Few have observed mankind closely enough to be able to trace through all its windings the tortuous course of a man, who, having made one false step, finds himself thereby compelled to leave the path of truth and uprightness, and seldom regains it. We can, however, refer to at least one living author who has done so; and in the "*Scarlet Letter*," by Hawthorne, the greatest of American novelists, Mr. Collins might see the mode in which "the moral lesson from examples of error and crime" ought to be drawn. *There* is a tale of sin, and its inevitable consequences, from which the most pure need not turn away. Mr. Collins, on the contrary, makes a woman given up to evil the heroine of his piece, and dwells on the details of animal appetite with a persistency which can serve no moral purpose, and may minister to evil passions even while professing condemnation of them. One or two of the characters are sketched with sufficient talent to show that he *could* do better; although, in his dedication, he disclaims such praise, and says he has "done his best." And we cannot, therefore, close our animadversions on his last production without begging his attention to the great aims of fiction, as an art. It matters not much whether the artist hold the pencil or the pen, the same great rules apply to both. He may simply copy nature as he sees it, and then the spectator has the pleasure proportioned to the beauty of the scene copied. He may give a noble, spirit-stirring scene, and he will raise high thoughts and great aspirations in those who contemplate it. He may take a higher moral ground, and move to compassion by showing undeserved suffering, or, like Hogarth, read a lesson to the idle and the dissipated. He may also paint scenes of cruelty and sensuality so gross that his picture will be turned to the wall by those who do not choose to have their imagination defiled.

The novelist has a high and holy mission, for his words frequently reach ears which will hear no others, and may convey a lesson to them which the preacher would enforce in vain; he should therefore be careful that, in his selection of subjects, he chooses such as may benefit rather than deteriorate his readers. He who furnishes innocent amusement does something; he who draws a faithful picture of life, does more; but he who, whilst drawing the picture, chooses models that may elevate and improve—who, whilst using the highest art, conceals it so thoroughly as to allow the incidents to arise out of the natural sequence of events, thus carrying the moral

effect at once home to the heart—has reached the highest excellence of his art, and deserves the thanks of the world. But this perfection is not attained without deep study and long preparation. The painter dissects, fills his room with models, and takes every limb and joint from the living figure, and the novelist must bestow no less pains on the details of his pen pictures. He must watch human nature in all its phases—must acquaint himself with it both morally and physiologically—must know how to weigh the relative importance of events, and the effects of the same circumstances on different dispositions; and, having learnt all this, he may then use the power he has gained to the noblest purposes—may beguile men into entertaining holier and juster thoughts than had ever before been theirs, and whilst apparently only ministering to the amusement of an idle hour, preach a sermon that may send his readers to their various walks of life with improved views and nobler aspirations. Such are the true objects of Fiction as an art, such its requirements—we recommend both to the consideration of those who deem it a very easy thing to write a novel.

Louis XVII. His Life—His Suffering—His Death; The Captivity of the Royal Family in the Temple. By A. De Beauchêne. Translated and edited by W. Hazlitt, Esq. In two vols. Embellished with vignettes, autographs, and plans. London: Vizetelly and Co.; Clarke, Beeton, and Co. 1853.

Among all the atrocities of the first French revolution whose cry to Heaven for vengeance mingled with the prayers for pardon uttered by its victims, there is none more fearful than the immolation, not physical only, but moral and intellectual, of the infant son of the unhappy Louis XVI. The author of the work of which the present volumes contain a well-executed translation, has collected the materials for this history of a short and calamitous life, partly from authentic documents, and partly from the testimony of eye-witnesses; and although there is a certain tone of exaggeration in the style of the narrative, there is no reason to doubt the essential correctness of the facts which he relates. The first volume carries down the melancholy tale to the death of Louis XVI.; the second details the sufferings of the royal family, the legal murder of Maria Antoinette and Maria Elizabeth, and, above all, as the chief theme, the barbarities to which the little dauphin was subjected, till at last his nature sank under the weight of complicated miseries. The heart aches with sympathy, and is ready to burst with indignation, at the infamies perpetrated by demons in human shape, in order to destroy, and before destroying to degrade, the royal infant. The record of them by M. de Beauchêne completes the collection of memoirs illustrative of that dark and terrible period of the history of France.—*John Bull.*

From the Spectator, 24th Sept.

RUSSIA VS. EUROPE AND TURKEY.

RUSSIA has definitively resumed her stand on the Menschikoff ultimatum; and we of England seem now to have arrived at that issue which we contemplated as a possibility two months ago — to be on the eve of a great war, which may last long, and involve vicissitudes for thrones, states, and institutions; or upon the eve of a great dishonor, not less destructive in its essential consequences. By her recent acts, Russia shows that the conference at Vienna was a dramatic entertainment, to amuse Europe while she prosecuted her designs: it follows, that the parties to the conference must have been either dupes or accomplices. One appears to have been an accomplice; the others were dupes.

These new acts of Russia are embodied in two despatches, signed by Count Nesselrode, and addressed to the representatives of the four powers, in the form of a separate circular to each. The first represents, in effect, that the other powers were not invited to give their good offices, and it is a great condescension on the part of Russia to listen to them; that they, as the allies of Turkey, impressed with all that was necessary to her honor, were bound to present a final proposition; and that if Turkey be suffered to object, Russia is released, and free to act as before. The second despatch declares an interpretation of the Vienna note which would render it substantially a ratification of Prince Menschikoff's demand for a Russian protectorate of Christians in Turkey, with a recognition of immunities as obtained by the solicitude of the Emperors and confirmed by the Sultans; and upon that demand Russia still insists, refusing to listen to anything more, except the absolute acceptance of the note by Turkey.

According to probable accounts, there has been some difference in the mode of presenting these circulars; they were to be read to the ministers of the four powers, but a copy was to be left with the minister of Austria alone. The conduct of Austria justifies this separate treatment. Objecting, it is said, to the draught of a note proposed by M. Drouyn de Lhuys, as not sufficiently urging Turkey to accept the Vienna note, Austria has withdrawn from the joint action. It now appears that the conference was intended as an instrument for securing to Russia that object which she had tried to attain through Prince Menschikoff; and as soon as the conference ceases to serve that purpose, Austria, who had assisted in getting it up, abandons it. Her position is unhappy; between, not two, but many fires, she naturally desired quietude above all things; and, a slave to expediency instead of principle, she has suffered herself to be in appearance, if not in fact, the hypocritical

tool of Russia. The two Emperors were to meet at Olmütz yesterday; perhaps, as the game of acting separately is unmasked, to arrange, without further circumventions, that partition of the Turkish territory which was contemplated long ago.

It is an alternative, we say, of war or dishonor. Hitherto the insults of Russia have only reached us through Turkey; now England is slighted in her own representative, and the insult is direct. We have sent a fleet to Besika Bay, to maintain that which we declared and still declare to be the right: is the fleet now to be withdrawn, the right undefended? That course would involve something more than a titular dishonor. It would involve the acknowledgment that henceforward Russia may dictate with absolute authority to foreign states — define her own sovereign claims over independent governments, and seize territory at her own will and pleasure: and if it be Moldavia, why not Constantinople; if Constantinople, why not any other! Each state in Europe would then be held in fee under the Czar, or by his tacit sufferance. Is that England's choice?

The electric telegraph makes Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, even at this stage, propose, as a means of escaping the difficulty, a new "declaration" — that the Vienna note does not contain the dangers seen in it by the Porte. But if it be so, after the interpretation put upon that document by Russia, the same declaration might have been made respecting the Menschikoff ultimatum, and we might have been saved all the suspense, the turmoil, the cost, and the cant of these "negotiations" and their accessories. The course taken has been as well calculated as if it had been planned by Russia to evoke that Mussulman fanaticism in the subjects of the Sultan which has added to the difficulties of the Porte — that Saracenic impatience for battle which has supplied a recent pretext, as specious as it is unfair, for treating the contest as one between the Crescent and the Cross, and thus exciting Christian prejudices against Turkey. No such declaration as that imputed to Lord Stratford will now serve: it is impossible to our government, whose representative has this week declared at Greenock "the sacred duty of England."

There is but one declaration fit for the occasion now. Russia is on her way to Constantinople; and the declaration wanted is, that her march must be stopped. At least, we must have done with treacherous negotiations. Russia has disqualified herself for negotiating, by her own avowal. Austria has shown how she repays trust; and it is difficult to understand how any relations with those essentially hostile powers can repay the cost of maintaining the embassies at Vienna and St. Petersburg.

If Russia choose war, then, the consequences be on her and her allies; for on *them* assuredly, more than on us, will those consequences fall. If they call forth war, England is not bound again to join in defending alien potentates against the results of their own misrule — dangers which never threatened her. We view war as a great calamity; but although it is we who detest war most in prospect, we have never flinched from it in action, and we know well that its worst evils are not for us. We have no Poland, no Hungary, no Italy; no "St. Petersburg party," anxious for a new régime, with hopes to be stimulated by a chance of obtaining it; no ambitious officers, conscious that the army is more powerful than a government in the gay capital of a disjointed empire; no military adventurers trained to abjure patriotism, and ready enough to exchange commissions for possible principalities when crowns are in the market. On the contrary, compact, strong in material power, at peace with all the world save the lawless desecrators of peace, recent manifestations have shown that, if stern necessity should come upon us, we need but the opportunity to prove that Englishmen have not lost the old spirit.

From the Examiner, 24 Sept.

THE MASK THROWN OFF.

OUR readers have been fully prepared for the issue to which the Turkish question is at last brought. All the boasted expedients of negotiation, which were to isolate the Czar in his injustice and secure peace, have been exhausted, and have failed. The much-lauded conference is broken up, the intentions of Russia are openly avowed, and the "good offices" of Austria are at an end. They were only of use as long as acting was in progress. The mask being thrown off, and the question resolved into its original, and only real, elements of spoliation and resistance, Austria, who had never the means or intention to resist, takes her place by the side of the spoiler.

As long ago as the 26th of March we said that Austria would be found side by side with Russia in any violent attempt upon the Ottoman empire.

Before the occupation of the Principalities was known (on the 11th of June) we warned the mediators in this quarrel, that if Russia should be permitted to advance her armies and *then* negotiate, she would become possessed of a variety of means for dividing and paralyzing the combined resistance of the European powers interested in putting a term to her ambition. Our argument since has been repeated *ad nauseam* — that had the combined fleets entered the Dardanelles when the Russians crossed the Pruth, the support on the one hand would have balanced against the in-

vasion on the other, and negotiation might have proceeded with some reasonable chance of a peaceful and successful close. Did negotiation ever yet succeed which began by admitting a wrong, and counselling dishonorable submission to it?

In arguing for this view on the second of July we maintained that the entrance of the allied fleet into the Dardanelles, though very far from an ample set-off to the seizure of the Principalities, would yet be an act addressing itself at once to the invaded populations, having an immediate tendency to check the excitement and tumult consequent on that outrage against the public law of Europe, and the only means of making manifest that there existed a real determination in the West to oppose the ultimate conquest and appropriation of the Turkish Empire. Not to provoke, but to prevent war, we strongly and repeatedly urged this argument.

The next step was the acceptance of what were called the good offices of Austria and a proposed transference of the scene of negotiation from Constantinople to Vienna. Upon this we remarked (on the 9th July) that the character of mediator presupposed qualities of independence and disinterestedness in the power entrusted with it, none of which were possessed by Austria; that such mediation, therefore, bore an absurdity on the face of it; and that it could only end in trickery and wrong.

It was a mediation, nevertheless, which must be admitted to have been in perfect harmony with the spirit of the second note of Nesselrode. In that note the original injury against Turkey had been insisted upon with all the aggravation that the most insolent iteration could give to it. England and France were plainly told that the Czar held *them* responsible for evil counsels given to the Sultan, and the seizure of the Principalities was defended on the ground that, such evil counsels (on the part of France and England) having deprived the Czar of all moral security for the concession of his just demands, it had become necessary for him to seize a "material guarantee." As we explained the language at the time (on the 16th July) it was in effect this. "You have backed the Sultan in resistance, but he shall yield in spite of you; and you shall either be the passive and tame spectators of his coercion, or you shall yourselves recant your own lessons, and counsel his submission." The members of the conference were at least left without excuse for saying that they began their labors in ignorance of what was expected of them.

After due deliberation at Vienna a note was prepared. We have characterized it as the note of a vassal to his master. In substance (as we pointed out on the 3rd instant) it was no other than the Menschikoff note, and in

form it rendered the Sultan's degradation complete. It conceded to Russia that protectorate over the Christian subjects of the Porte which throughout had been the point in issue, and it left to Turkey the subordinate and secondary office of conserving and watching over the rights so conceded. If anything had been wanting to stamp the character of this note, we receive it in the despatch just published from Count Nesselrode to the Russian representative in Vienna. Already we knew that the opinion of Russia was taken upon its terms before it was formally presented, or in any respect known, at Constantinople; but now we are frankly told that "while the *projet* was still in discussion in London and Paris, and before the judgment formed upon it by the French Cabinet and the British Cabinet was known," the draft had actually been received and assented to in St. Petersburg. In short, to all intents and purposes the note was as much the Czar's, as if it had borne the *imprimatur* of the Russian Chancery.

I accept this, said the Czar to his vassal Austria; but expressly on condition that no change be made in it. You tell me that the governments of England and France have not yet approved it; but I tell you that it is my fixed intention not to accept any other, or to allow even the slightest modification in this. "The Emperor Nicholas," writes Nesselrode to Meyendorff, "accompanied his acceptance by the formal declaration to Austria that in making the concessions which were thus demanded, and which were the last to which he was able to consent, he gave a testimony of great deference towards Austria, the friend of Russia, whose good offices he had accepted" (not, mark, the good offices of the friends of Turkey, which we are to presume he never accepted); "it being well understood that the *projet* would be adopted purely and simply by Turkey, and that the government of the Sultan would propose no modification in it."

Nevertheless the government of the Sultan did propose modifications. In the note so instantly and eagerly accepted by the Czar, it had the sagacity at once to perceive, not "a testimony of great deference to Austria," but a testimony of knavish deference to Russia; and it skillfully seized and pointed out the expressions by which the note would be made available for the very objects which the conference professed itself assembled to prevent. This plain result followed — that if the conference had an honest purpose in it, manifestly the effect of its proposal had failed to correspond with that intention; but, if it masked a dishonest or merely knavish purpose, that this was discovered, and would have to be avowed.

Such being the character of the objections made by Turkey, even Austria for the moment was silenced, and on all hands it seems to

have been admitted that they were such objections as at least Turkey had a right to make. The modifications suggested in accordance with them have been described too recently to need repetition. Some said they were too trivial for rejection, some that they were too substantial for acceptance, but on neither side was it pretended that they were not such as she was equitably entitled to make. This being so, and a majority in the conference refusing under such circumstances to press the original note, two modes of solving the difficulty appear to have been discussed. The one was to adopt the modifications suggested, and append them to the note; the other to append to it simply a declaration disclaiming the intention of any such concession as the modifications were meant to guard against. As an immediate measure, the first was the course taken; but it does not appear to have been meant to preclude the ultimate adoption of the second expedient, if that should be found necessary. But the Czar himself has suddenly cut the entanglement, and saved all further labor of diplomacy.

The manifesto of the 7th inst. to Baron Meyendorff would be almost too ludicrous for grave comment, were it not for the very grave consequences involved. As the late Mr. O'Connell would have said, it bangs Banagher; it bangs even the second Nesselrode note. Our construction of that document was not complimentary to the independent action of the conference; but what are we to say to *this*, in which with insolent frankness it is avowed that the conference was none of his choosing, that he has neither art nor part with it, that his business is with Turkey alone, that he had never asked or desired even Austria's good offices, and, as for the good offices of other powers, that he is content to leave them to be bestowed where they will be more welcome, namely, on the power "they have surrounded with their counsels and their support!"

"The cabinet of St. Petersburg," writes Count Nesselrode to Baron Meyendorff, "which has neither demanded nor desired the good offices of Austria, which had business only with Turkey, has however accepted, without balancing reasons, the arrangement prepared at Vienna under the control, in some sort" (exquisite limitation!), "of England and France, who have surrounded Turkey with their counsels and their support. And why has the Emperor shown such moderation, and so great condescension?"

The question is not at all difficult to answer. The Emperor has been so moderate and condescending because he had resolved from the first that he would use the conference only to obtain his own ends, because at the outset the same tone of injurious defiance was allowed without check, because in proportion to every step he has taken in advance he has seen his

opponents willing to take two steps in retreat, and because he had laid his account with a continuance of the temporizing policy to the end which from the beginning had yielded him so many advantages. Could he suppose it possible that a savage blow unresisted at the first, would really be resisted at the last; or that the provinces he had been permitted to seize for a guarantee of success, he should afterwards be compelled to surrender in shameful testimony of failure!

Let us do the Emperor justice, and admit that, whatever his insolence may be, we have no quarrel with his logic. He has never consented to regard the Sultan in any other posture than that of inferiority and vassalage; and it has been the vice of these Viennese negotiations to have begun in precisely that admission of the dependence of the power whose independence was their professed aim. A great wrong was to be permitted that a little right might be done. Not content with such backing of her friends, however, Turkey proved restive. Perhaps she found herself less willing to surrender her dignity and her honor, in proportion as she discovered in her own subjects a readiness to maintain and fight for them; but be this as it may, the designs of Russia have been unmasked; the injury which the Western powers interfered to avert, and against which they expressly counselled and encouraged resistance, is declared, with every aggravation of defiance, to be that alone which will satisfy the Czar; Austria seizes the moment shabbily to sneak back to Russia, its master and lord; and the plain alternative remains — to permit or to resist spoliation.

In the last dispatch of Count Nesselrode it is not attempted to be concealed that to permit the modification of the Sultan would be to baffle the Czar's designs, and accomplish the very object which the powers have professed to have in view. And mark how exquisitely ignorant this great potentate appears to be, that the same reasons which exercise so weighty an influence over his high and mighty self, might possibly be expected to affect in some trifling degree even a power so infinitely inferior as the Turk. "If of no importance, why demanded? if of importance, they cannot be accepted." The notion of the mere possibility of reversing this case does not occur to him. "If of no importance, why resisted? if of importance, they cannot be surrendered." What applies to the lord has no application to the serf. What is sauce for the goose is not sauce for the bird of prey.

If they are really of no importance, why are they demanded, at the risk of reopening the discussion, and at a loss of precious time? If they are of importance, the Emperor cannot accept them.

What, then, is to be done? It is for the allies of Turkey to make her comprehend that she

ought to imitate the example set by the Emperor, and to accept the *projet* of the Cabinet of Vienna *purement et simplement*. The allies could certainly do this, if they choose: it would be sufficient for them to come to an explanation with the Divan "*franchement et fermement*." The Turkish government, whatever may be said of it, will not resist the instance of its allies.

It remains to be seen what effect this incredible arrogance and scorn will have on the "allies of Turkey," the governments of England and France. Hitherto the rule has been that in proportion to the measure of the wrong inflicted, Russia has had advantages conceded; and in the same proportion of wrong suffered, Turkey has had protection withdrawn. But there is in all things a limit, and in this it may possibly have been reached. At any rate the question is now presented under a different aspect even from that in which it will be found discussed in a subsequent article, written before the despatch to Baron Meyendorff was published. Will the threatened coercion of which we have there spoken proceed, now that there exists not a single pretence for connecting it with anything but the degradation and disruption of the country which England has been affecting to support?

Not so, we must confess, have we read the manly and spirited declaration of Lord John Russell at Greenock: —

I trust we shall none of us forget, that this country holds an important position among the nations of the world. It is not once, but many times she has stood forward to resist oppression, to maintain the independence of weaker nations, to preserve to the general family of nations that freedom, that power of governing themselves, of which others have sought to deprive them. (*Much and loud cheering.*) I trust that character will not be forgotten, will not be abandoned by a nation, which is now stronger in means, which is more populous, more wealthy than she has been at any former period. This, then, you will agree with me, is not a period to abandon any of those duties towards the world, towards the whole of mankind, which Great Britain has hitherto performed. (*Loud cheers.*) Let us perform them, if possible, by our moral influence — let us perform them, if possible, while we maintain the inestimable blessings of peace; but while we endeavor to maintain peace, I certainly should be the last to forget that if that peace cannot be maintained with honor, it is no longer peace. (*Continued applause, several times repeated.*) It becomes, then, but a trace — a precarious trace — to be denounced by others whenever they may think fit — (*cheers*) — whenever they think an opportunity has occurred to enforce by arms their unjust demands, either upon us or upon our allies. (*Much cheering.*) I trust, gentlemen, that so long as I can bear any part in the public councils of this kingdom such will be my sentiments, and such will be my conduct. Happy I am to find that you have done me the

honor to signify your agreements with me in those sentiments. (*Cheers.*) I shall conclude, therefore, thanking you again for the great honor that you have done me, by saying that I shall remain attached to that cause which has been expressed in plain words—in that which used to be the toast at our dinners wherever Englishmen were met, namely, "The cause of Civil and Religious Liberty all over the world!" (*Cheers.*) I trust that wherever the influence of Britain extends that cause will be maintained by her. I feel it is her sacred function; and when she lets fall that standard from her hands, she will no longer deserve to bear her part in the concerns of the world. (*Loud and continued cheering.*)

This is language worthy of the occasion, and fit to be used by a statesman to whom a great country entrusts her interests and her duties, the maintenance of her influence in the future, and of her glory in the past. It was during Lord John Russell's short administration of the Foreign Office that the decisive rebuke was given to Count Leiningen's mission to Constantinople, and Europe was reminded that at least one government in the West was not disposed to view with indifference a repetition of the crimes which accompanied the partition of Poland. It is never too late to take the path of right and honor. We put no faith whatever in what is said of the resolve of France to refuse further coöperation against Russian violence. If she now withdraw from resistance to an act, which, unresisted, would transfer to Russia the practical sovereignty of three-fourths of the civilized population of Turkey, it will be at her own peril.

The last Nesselrode despatch reiterates without disguise the arrogant claim of its predecessor to an absolute protectorate over all men professing the Greek faith in the Ottoman empire. What is meant by such dominion over the races which occupy the soil, but a sovereignty far more efficient than if extended over the soil itself, because ensuring the latter at any time, and all the easier with a little lapse of time? Who requires to be reminded that such a system of creating a party in a foreign state by assuming to control its religious disabilities is a system peculiarly Russian? It was on behalf of religious dissidents alleged to be persecuted in Poland that the iron heel of the Muscovite was first planted in that unhappy country. It was after Cracow and Lithuania had on such pretences been wrested from Poland, that without a word up-lifted in remonstrance throughout Europe (if we except a somewhat feeble one from Burke) the greatest public iniquity of modern times was found easy to perpetrate.

That guilt has had its sure and not slow retribution, and what is now contemplated would not escape the same inevitable law.

From the Examiner, 24 Sept.

THE THREATENED COERCION OF THE TURKS.

ALL influences are now at work to induce the Porte to yield to the terms of the Vienna Conference, and the Sultan is told not to care, or trouble himself about the feelings of his subjects, as the four powers are prepared to support him resolutely and vigorously against any internal discontent or disturbance. The *Independence Belge* (a paper the information of which is better than its spirit and principles) a few days ago declared that the four powers have now to bring their weight to bear, not on Russia but on Turkey, and that if the obstacle to the Sultan's compliance with the proposed terms be the fear of his subjects' resentment, and an outbreak, the forces of the allies will be promptly applied to the coercion of the malcontents.

The *Journal des Debats*, about the same time, to the same effect, stated:—

The English ambassador at Constantinople has been instructed by his government to demand from the Turkish government the withdrawal of the modification proposed on the 19th ult., and its adhesion, pure and simple, to the draught note which the Emperor of Russia has already accepted; that he is to explain that the point which the question has reached is one of peace or war; that he is to dwell on the dangers of war, and to declare that if Turkey, in contempt of the advice of its allies, chooses war, it will be at its own risk and peril, since it must not count upon the support of Europe; and he is to insist on those arguments which, no doubt, will prevail with the Turkish government, and make it yield, which it can now do honorably and without loss.

"If," it continues—

The government of the Sultan listen, as is believed in London, to the counsel of its allies, any insurrection that would break out at Constantinople would be easily repressed, as also any *coup-d'état* on the part of Omer Pasha. The French and English fleets would soon put down the *emeute*, for in such case they would instantly pass the straits to defend against the insurgents of all nations, Mussulmans, Christians, or renegades, the life, the crown, and the authority of the Sultan.

And is this indeed possible? And after the combined fleets of the greatest powers in Europe have been timidly kept in Besika Bay to avoid coming to extremities with Russia, would their anchors be lifted cheerily to drum and fife to go on the gallant mission of playing the part of a Turkish police to put down those subjects of the Porte who revolt against its dishonor? Well may a foreign journal ask, "Is there to another be Navarino?" But how much worse than Navarino, if the Eng-

lish arms be turned against men inflamed by the spirit which the English counsels have inspired and encouraged. If any such vile work is to be done, on other not unpractised hands it should devolve. Russia would be at home in the part she has played before in Hungary, and there would be a consistency of a sort in giving her the office of reducing to obedience those subjects of the Sultan who revolt against the vassalage to the Czar. For Russian ends, Russian means might appropriately be employed. France, too, who put down the Republic at Rome which her example had set up, would with no violent inconsistency turn her arms against the national spirit in Turkey, and strengthen the Sultan's authority against his people to the end that it may be bowed to the Muscovite. But England has no antecedents preparing her for the part assigned her. Even the Tagus has not been the school to prepare her navy for the infamy now in contemplation, so exactly reversing the often mouthed vaunt, and rendering it practically, *Parcere superbis, et debellare subjectos*.

And observe in the event contemplated how all the aggressions, and all the nefarious machinations of Russia, would be turned to Russian account and advantage. The emissaries of the Czar have been notoriously for some time past sapping the Sultan's authority in various parts of his dominions, and preparing materials for insurrection; and how the court of St. Petersburg would chuckle and exult upon seeing England and France serving as the cat's paws in the fire it had helped to kindle, and snatching from the flames the Sultan's half-destroyed authority only to lay it at the Czar's feet!

For what our fleet has been stationed in Besika Bay it has hitherto been hard to say, but it is to be hoped the issue will not prove that it was to play the game of Russia, and bend to submission that part of the Sultan's subjects who have the national honor and independence most at heart, fanatically it may be, but in a just cause.

But it may be said that we misrepresent the terms to accede to which the Sultan is to be guaranteed against his people, and made, for the nonce, all despotic at home, that he may be rendered dependent abroad; and the *Times*, in an article as justly as ably reviewing the merits of the question between Russia and Turkey, reasons as follows upon the character and effect of the Vienna note:—

Elaborate arguments, we observe, have been devised to prove that the conference rendered itself simply an instrument for accomplishing, by method of diplomacy, the identical objects at which the Czar was aiming by force of arms, and that the first Vienna note comprised nothing more nor less than the propositions of Nicholas himself, returned to him for his own proper acceptance through the hands of a third party.

It surely cannot be necessary to expose the self-contradictions of such an assertion as this, which literally assumes that the interference of the four powers has been carefully directed to the consummation of the end which they interfered to prevent. It is perfectly clear that England, France, Austria, and Prussia considered the demands of Russia upon Turkey unlawful and dangerous, for otherwise there need have been no intervention at all. It must also be clear that they believe themselves to have obviated these objections by the terms of their note, for otherwise the note and the conference would have both been nugatory together. If the four powers had intended, as this argument assumes, to permit the exactions of Russia, for what possible reason should Russia have been interfered with in making them? Is it credible for a moment that they should have charged themselves with the responsibility of substituting terms of their own for the terms of the Emperor, if the substance of the two propositions was to be identical?

This reasoning proceeds on the assumption that the intention and the effect of the counsels of the powers must be identical, and that a miscarriage of purpose, or failure of resolution, are to be considered inconceivable. We often, however, see men go into a quarrel which their spirit will not carry them through. They begin with one object, and end with another, to have done with the affair which overtakes their constancy or their courage. And so it may be with the representatives of nations. No doubt the powers, or three of the four, intended and hoped at the outset to baffle the Czar; but his will, backed with bayonets, has proved stronger than their will backed by pen and paper, and precisely in proportion to his urgency and forwardness has been their flagging and faltering. The relations of the case may be mathematically taken and measured—as Besika Bay and the Danube are respectively to Constantinople, or, in plain words, as a position of war is to one of peace. The naval station is indeed to the occupation of the Principalities what a Quakers' meeting is to a camp of invasion.

We admit, however, that there is a logic on the side of the conduct of the powers. The independence of the Porte is only an object proposed to avert occasions of war, and why anticipate the worst evil in the first instance! why go to war to avert occasions of war? But if this reasoning be good, it is good for giving up Turkey at once and forever, to shift for herself, instead of doling out her dishonor and ruin by instalments. Russia has tried of what stuff is made the diplomatic resistance she has to encounter, and finds it nothing but paper; notes, and counter-notes, of much sound signifying nothing; and so encouraged she will persevere at her own time and seasons. Having neglected the rule *obsta principiis* on the right opportunity,

our fleet will not be always in Besika Bay, nor always side to side in cooperation with the French; but it may hereafter not be more serviceably, though less safely stationed. It has lost its tide for the fortunes of Turkey.

From the Spectator.

KOSSUTH'S OPINION.

THERE was a meeting at Stafford on 26 Sept., convened by the mayor, to pass resolutions on the Eastern question. The gist of the resolves was a strong condemnation of the present process for managing the intercourse of nations, especially by means of permanent embassies and secret diplomacy; and the suggestion of a return to the legal practice of the constitution, so as to prevent intercourse between the servant of the crown and the representative of a foreign state save under special warrant of the Great Seal. Mr. David Urquhart was the principal orator; and his theme was the designs of Russia, as aided by secret and tortuous diplomacy. The meeting was a very full one, and its tone spirited.

It appears that M. Kossuth was invited to take a part in this meeting, but that he declined; for the reasons, explained in a long letter, that he should have been compelled to show the intimate connection between the Turkish question and the cause of Hungary; and that his speech would have stimulated the English government to press "affairs to issue such as the friends of justice, freedom and humanity, must deplore."

"By analyzing the conduct of the English government," he says, "during the present crisis, it is impossible not to come to the conclusion that it is not so much either by fear from or by a particular predilection for Russia, that the English government has until now rather served than checked Russia's ambitious designs; but that it is rather for fear lest, by encouraging Turkey to legitimate resistance, an opportunity might be offered to some successful popular rising in other quarters."

"I have, indeed, no hesitation to say, that the policy of England has long since been Russian in its results, though not Russian in its motives; it has been worse—it has been Anti-Liberal in principle."

"In 1848, Russia interfered against the popular movement in Moldo-Wallachia by armed invasion, and thus prepared the way for the subsequent intervention in Hungary, as well as for the present occupation of the Principalities. England did not oppose it."

"Soon after, Russia interfered by arms in Hungary, and gained by it an awful preponderance throughout the Continent of Eu-

rope. The government of England had nothing to object to it."

"This Russian intervention being carried on from Turkish territory, was in itself the grossest violation of its independence. Turkey was made an instrument for Russian ambition and for Austrian oppression. It was permitted that the resources of Turkish provinces, provisions, money, means of transport, should be made use of by Russia in her attack on Hungary. The Austrians, beaten, twice found refuge and means of attack in the same Turkish provinces; which was neither more nor less than a virtual resignation of the independence of Turkey. And the government of England allowed all this to be done—nay checked Turkey in opposing it by advising her "not to come into hostile collision with her stronger neighbors"—as the Foreign Secretary of England had the ridiculous politeness to style that Austria, which we had defeated so often that she was no longer able to resist us without the aid of Russia, who, in her turn, had to strain every nerve to effect it."

"Now, sir, has the English government done all this, because it liked Russia's striding preponderance? No; it did it because it hated the popular triumph of what they call the 'revolutionary principle.'"

"And now, once more, the Danubian Principalities are occupied, and their resources made subservient to Russia in her hostility against the legitimate suzerain of those provinces; and again the English government is guilty, before God and the world, of having permitted such piracy to be perpetrated without resistance. Was this done because England approved the seizure of Moldo-Wallachia by the Czar? No; but it was not opposed, because the English government feared lest any resistance to Russian aggression might lead some of the oppressed nations to renew their efforts for freedom."

"That is the real clue to that policy, against which the citizens of Stafford are about to record their protest. The fatal incubus which weighs heavily on the foreign policy of your government, is not so much love for the Czar as fear and hatred of Democracy. It would be vain to dissimulate, sir, that Aristocracy and Plutocracy, as leading elements, will always less fear the despot than popular liberty."

The rest of the letter is devoted to showing that Austria never was a barrier which kept Russia from Turkey; that the policy of the English government is therefore wrong in the endeavor "to save Austria from her well-merited fate;" and that the abstinence of the people of England from almost all share in the direction of foreign policy is a matter of surprise to M. Kossuth.

From the Spectator, 1st Oct.

FUTURE COURSE OF ENGLAND IN THE EAST.

HAVING ascertained the truth without further disguise to ourselves, that Europe is no longer at peace, but at war, the immediate practical question is, what is England going to do!

There are not wanting those who, on specious grounds, would regard this second stage of the Eastern question as an opportunity for England to revise her position; who would say, that having now seriously confronted the necessity of taking a decided course or drawing back, we have the choice still remaining, to draw back. It is not too late, they would say, although we have incited the Turk to hostilities, and have made so great a show of aiding him that we have actually sent our war-ships to his support. Notwithstanding we are thus far committed—notwithstanding that retraction would now be infamous according to all known standards—it is never too late, such advisers would suggest, to draw back from a wrong course; and the best thing that we can do now is, to leave those two barbarian states to fight it out between themselves. Theoretically extravagant as this line of argument appears, it has perhaps been not altogether without its influence in high quarters; influence at least sufficient to give pause, and to delay the decision which is now peremptorily necessary. And it is sustained with some show of argument, in the representation that the six months have sufficed so far for the collection of Turkish strength, that the forces of the Sultan could now maintain the boundary of the Danube, without foreign aid, at least for one campaign.

But it is not a question of one campaign. The termination of forty years' peace, involving the deposition of that authority which last arranged the peace and settled the nations upon their present tenure, is not to be dismissed as the affair of a season. Questions of much longer periods and broader interests are now at stake; and it is time that those statesmen who will, by their office, be recorded in history as responsible before posterity for sustaining or betraying the dignity of their country, should review the considerations upon which their course must be determined. Their incontestable and primary objects must be, to defend English interests, to sustain justice, and to restore, as they have so long succeeded in preserving, peace, but to restore it on a stronger basis. In speaking of English interests, we do not of course mean merely money interests; there are other interests besides those of trade, not less real or material. If an upright life is better than a money success—if honor is more precious than even peace—then a state cannot be dishonored without lowering the standard of morality by

which its society is regulated; reducing the law of its daily life to a baser level, and entailing upon itself, if not the open lawlessness of barbarous states, the fraudulent vice of civilized decay. But let us for the moment, although deeply impressed with the paramount importance of sustaining national honor and a generous morality, regard the present question as one entirely of English interests, without discussing our responsibility to other states or our duty to a higher dignity.

If it were possible to let matters take their course—to stand apart altogether, and meddle neither with the Russian nor the Turk—there is one reason that would be sufficient against such a position, on grounds lower than those of duty and public morality; we should even lose by it. Even on this ground, we recognize the necessity of standing up for minor states, and preserving their identity in the comity of nations, rather than suffering them to be merged by overruling powers. In the first place, friendly intercourse promotes commerce, dear to this trading country; and we may point to Belgium, Turkey, and Sardinia, as being more profitable neighbors, on account of the friendly intercourse which promotes commerce, than those great allies who are at the present moment occasioning to us so much trouble and uneasiness.

Secondly, the absorption of those smaller states would totally upset the balance of power. Leave Russia alone in her course of grasping aggression, and you would remove the barrier from that course which would not terminate until "Russia" and "Europe" should be two expressions for the same thing. Still to adhere to the lowest test of morality for the wisdom of such a course on our part, let us note that English intercourse and commerce would then be regulated by that power which has peculiarly distinguished its sway by arbitrary exclusions and prohibitory tariffs. This is not a matter of speculation, it is strictly a matter of knowledge. Russia has exemplified her spirit in action; and, lest we might mistake either spirit or action, has formally declared both the principles and the purpose of her course. She has declared that she recognizes no law but her own. She claims to define the boundaries of states, to determine their sovereign rights, and to settle their political and commercial relations.

Supposing we abandoned all the old ideas about the balance of power—that we should abandon the idea of any intervention in the affairs of Europe, disclaim our place at the council, and make up our minds henceforward to spin cotton and placidly await our destiny—we should still ultimately realize the folly of that course in an immense amount of commercial loss. This inevitable result is but too tangible. Russia has by her acts and her

declaration proclaimed that there is one thing superior to the public law of Europe, and that is *Russian law*. We should negatively admit that assertion; we should abandon justice; we should give up the comity of nations. Henceforward there would be in Europe nothing sovereign but Will and Power. Under such a rule for the civilized world, there would be, for a state so rich as England, but two alternative courses — placid annexation to Russia, or such measures as would make the power of England alone equal to counterbalance the power of Russia. England would have to make herself as powerful in all available means and machinery as Russian Europe, with all the sacrifice of time, of money, and of political freedom, for such an immense military organization. Will this stand the test of commercial policy?

But in such a state of the world, we should indeed have connived at the establishment of a rule incompatible with commerce, as we understand it now. In the present state of the world, to bring about which England has made so great sacrifices, we have learned to send forth commerce on its countless paths by sea and land, without guard or convoy. Suffer Russia to be the lord paramount of Europe, Will and Power the only sovereign on the Continent, and that state of things would be reversed. We could sustain our commerce, as well as our independence or our liberty, only by the direct exhibition of main force; and then not a vessel could leave our shores for the innumerable markets of the world without its convoy. Thus our ships would have to be collected in fleets; our commerce would have to be hampered by military organizations, in order that it might safely be carried from shore to shore. We are not here indulging in any vain imagining; it is but carrying out to the inevitable conclusion the process by which Russia has already been suffered to advance too far.

Resistance, therefore, is only a question of time; and procrastination, as usual, only brings loss to that side which has the larger share of power and justice to itself. It implies a constant and an increasing accumulation of the wrongs to be resisted; an accumulation, therefore, of resisting power, and an accumulation of expenditure for the purpose. Every month lost in bringing this matter to a decisive test is an increase to the future national debt of England — a national debt incurred with tarnished credit.

As we thus come to the conclusion that the course of positive submission is impracticable, and the course of positive counteraction unavoidable, the next practical question is, what can England do? — Quite enough, without departing from her own provinces. In the first place, she can, in word and act, make a determined protest against the further growth

of one lawless power. A juncture has arrived at which it belongs to the statesmen responsible for the conduct of English affairs to utter before the world a manifesto, declaring that England, strong in her own strength, disclaims and resists the Russian infraction of the public law of Europe — will not make or meddle with it save to resist. It would not be necessary for any English statesman, conscious of his real power, to ask any king, or emperor, or grand duke, whether the form of this manifesto was such as pleased him. It is time to break away from these entangling alliances, and to separate England forever from these new and base ideas — these lawless laws — these sophistries, by which emperors and chancellors can induce their accomplices on thrones or in cabinets to aid them in defrauding Europe of its great statutes. If the faith in those statutes be destroyed, no new treaties can ever restore a public law abandoned by every power. It is the mission of England to make the last stand for that public law, and to prevent its being recorded in history that these subversive principles, these lawless acts, have been adopted by the acclamation of potentates without solemn protest.

Russia has forced England to this contest; and, as we have already said, the consequences will not be upon England, either materially or morally. If England utter this protest against the new political Pope, the consequences will be upon him. England can support her protest by active and decisive measures, still on her own ground. England is still without a rival in Europe at sea. When it comes to a question of will, it lies with her will to sweep the Russian navy from the surface of the seas, brushing away every stick or board before the storm of her indignation, or shutting the shipping up in Russian ports, useless because closed. Standing alone, meddling not with Russia by land, keeping to her own element, England could strike so fatal a blow upon the imperial pretender as would shake his power to the very heart of his own dominions. It is needless to follow out the consequences of such a course, if England rouse her spirit and choose to declare that decisive action should no longer be solely on the side of lawlessness and oppression.

From the Examiner, 1st Oct.

SHIPS OF WAR IN THE DARDANELLES.

BRITISH and French vessels of war have at length left the insecure anchorage of Besika to take their station under the walls and before the port of Constantinople, and the measure of security and reprisal is accomplished which ought to have been taken long ago. The delay has perhaps had one advantage, to set off against its many evil effects.

Some months back the Russians might have been provoked to pour over the Danube into Bulgaria, which at that time was defenceless, and the Turks unprepared for resistance. Now the fortresses of Bulgaria are garrisoned, and the passes of the Balkan occupied. If the Russians now cross the Danube, they cross it for a serious campaign, and to get possession of Schumla as well as Varna. To commence such a campaign in September, in the face of numerous armies, would be little prudent; and to declare war without immediate operations, hardly less dangerous, for the movement it would excite in Hungary, in Servia, and in Poland. Yet neither to make war nor declare it, but tranquilly to rest on the left bank of the Danube, whilst the French and English fleets are in the Bosphorus — will this be consistent with the mighty pretensions of Russia?

A vast deal of discussion has been carried on during the past week as to the express immediate purpose for which the ships of war have passed the Dardanelles — whether to provoke the Emperor or protect the Sultan — whether for the help of the Christians, or the reinforcement of the Turks, in Constantinople. But such discussions are really waste of words. The material point settled by the act is quite independent of either view. On the part of France and England this movement by a portion of the fleet, had it only been a single vessel, brands the seizure of the Danubian Principalities as an *act of war*; and it is that fact alone which gives its true significance and importance to the measure. Tardy as it is, it is at last the right and true course; and, long-delayed as it has been, see at once the false position in which it places Russia. For, give any construction you please to a passage of the Dardanelles by the advanced guards of the English and French fleets, it will operate throughout the Levant and the East of Europe practically as a defiance to Russia, and a reprisal for the occupation of the Principalities.

It is nevertheless supposed by those who still regard the question at issue as strictly affecting only the Turks and the Russians, that war may yet be avoided. Others believe that the very act of spoliation and invasion committed by the Czar has already brought other and less compressible forces into play; and this latter view will probably be found the more correct one. Not only has it aroused Turkey, smarting under the robbery and wrong; not only has it put England and France into action, pledged against Muscovite aggrandizement; but it has stirred up and excited all the elements of Slavonic resistance to Russia, some months ago scattered over Europe, but now concentrated in Turkey. Pole and Croatian, Servian and Bulgarian, all see that the quarrel will be for the last remnant of the

independence of their race, and for the last chance of its rehabilitation. So far the advantages which Russia has doubtless fully explained to Austria in the amiable Olmutz conference receive practical illustration. As long as one province of the old Slavonic race remained free, there was a ground of danger and a nucleus of resistance to those military empires which were built up of the spoils of Slavonians, and contain still a large population alive to Slavonic sympathies. The Turkish armies, therefore, there can be no doubt, will have the support of all the military talents and hardihood of Polish and Hungarian exiles, as well as of Servian and Wallachian discontent. This numerous band of men, exiled from their country and with only one desperate hope of recovering national independence, will powerfully swell the military forces of the Sultan.

These elements of the question taken into account, together with the certainty, which no sane man has ever doubted, that war upon the Danube is synonymous with insurrection in Hungary, the fears through which Russia has been working on her vassal are very easily explained. Who will wonder that those fears have been made to over-ride her interests, and that poor, helpless Austria should have been far more anxious to occupy Belgrade than to procure fair terms for Turkey? And now has not the Czar passed one whole night at Olmutz pouring into imperial ears accounts of Hungarian and Slavonian machinations at Constantinople, as well as of the insidious protection which enemies of the two emperors have always received there? Has he not satisfactorily explained, that, as things stand at present, Austria can never hope to obtain for herself those provinces on the Lower Danube? Has he not made it obvious that in the hands of Turkey or of their own Palatines the Slavonic provinces are but stepping-stones for the possible future restoration of a free Slavonia, and that it will be far more advantageous to Austria to have the Principalities in the hands of Russia than in those of independent Hospodars? Has he not hinted at an equal protectorate over Servia — and in short proved by unanswerable arguments that a Russian alliance to keep down Slavonia must be infinitely preferable to any romantic crusade in favor of Slavonicism along with France and England?

And while Russia thus has made sure of Austrian coöperation in the quarrel, she is even said to have hopes of France. We believe such hopes to be utterly unfounded. Russian advocates argue that the war supposed to be on the eve of breaking out can and will be no other than a war of absolute and military monarchy against the demand for free institutions and independent nationality; that

even England mistrusts what she is going to fight for; and that as to Louis Napoleon Imperator, it will be impossible for him, either in Turkey or in Italy, to raise the revolutionary standard, or embrace the cause of province against sovereign, and of peoples against the armies which keep them down. The reasoning is exceedingly good, but facts are more stubborn things than reason. Napoleon the Third is not a man to be stopped by a little inconsistency. His manifest interests are too deeply involved in adhering to England for the present, and in helping to save Turkey from a conqueror more audacious in chicane than in arms, that we should entertain any reasonable distrust even of him. And whatever may be his policy and necessities at home, he has hitherto had sense enough not to commit himself to any sort of sympathy or alliance with the old despotisms of the continent.

From the Examiner, 17th Sept.

THE CRAZY POPEDOM.

The policy pursued by the Court of Rome in the management of its ecclesiastical interests savors far more of the fourteenth than of the nineteenth century. There is not a government in Europe which has not lately had reason to complain of, or to put itself on the defensive against, the encroaching and extravagant spirit of Papal pretensions.

What possible motive it can be that actuates the Court of Rome in these respects we shall not trouble ourselves to inquire. It is enough to know, by all the accounts which we receive from Italy, that the temporal substructure of the Popedom is at this moment actually crumbling beneath it, and hourly menacing ruin. Patients in the last stage of inanition from fever will yet derive from their very complaint a kind of unnatural and unaccountable force capable of wearying and overcoming the resistance of the healthy. And this seems to be the case with the Popedom. It is actually perishing of destitution, disaffection, and anarchy at home, whilst abroad it still continues to disturb thrones and perplex cabinets.

It ought not to be difficult, one would say, impossible it certainly should not be, for a potentate who pretends to regulate the opinions of the world, to know how to govern and content his own subjects. But it seems altogether out of the question. The Pope has abandoned all notion of such a thing. At first it was thought that the Austrian occupation of the provinces and the French occupation of the capital needed but to be temporary. We were told it was only a band of brigands that defended Rome against the French, after having set up a republic there. But the

brigands, as they were called, have long since been got rid of. His holiness has hanged and shot not a few. The mass of the Roman people, notwithstanding, instead of becoming more tranquil or better affected, increase every day in their inveteracy of opposition, in their tacit and obstinate rebellion. The great fear at present is that even the garrison of 12,000 French may not suffice to keep the Romans quiet; and of course no doubt can be entertained that with the first gleam of war in Europe, the first necessity that should oblige the Austrians and French either to weaken their garrisons or to assume positions hostile to one another, the populations of both Rome and the Romagna would rise — and woe to the ecclesiastic tyrants!

The French government has been naturally enough reproached for not having counselled the Papal court to adopt some measures to content its people, and prepare at least for a time when it might stand alone. But in truth all such advice would prove vain, as all such efforts are impossible. The first necessity is to restore some order and economy within the Roman provinces. Nothing can be done if they be not saved from bankruptcy, and relieved of the necessity of issuing daily edicts of robbery upon the small class of citizens who yet possess anything. But how is anything of that kind possible while an Austrian army is in possession of the Legations, and devouring the revenue as well as the produce of those provinces, thus lost to Rome? Rome itself, and the territory which is under the occupation of the French, produces nothing. It cannot feed its inhabitants, much less feed the French army. The citizens have their little fortunes and savings in the Roman funds, and the bankruptcy of the government becomes the bankruptcy of all.

Our public is very much occupied at present with the question of Constantinople, but that of Rome is quite as difficult, and hardly less menacing. An empire as great as it is antiquated, as portentous in its pride and pretensions as it is weak in its real power, is perishing on the banks of the Tiber as well as on the banks of the Bosphorus. And whatever hope we may have of his Highness the Sultan, we have none of his Holiness the Pope. We see no opening of safety for him. Whether the Austrians and French withdraw or remain, we see no chance of the pontificate surviving. If they stay, they may continue to awe the population, but they will continue also to eat up its revenues, and devour along with them the pecuniary revenues of the priesthood as well as the small revenue of respect still paid to them. If they go, the Pope and his functionaries will assuredly be massacred, so universal is the feeling against them.

Assuming therefore the occupation of the only rich provinces of the popedom by Aus-

tria to be permanent, and the governing of Rome by the French to be equally so, we may regard the temporal dominion of the Pope as at a virtual end. He is but a bishop or patriarch in the hands of the two great Roman Catholic powers of Europe, who cannot devise if they would, and would not devise if they could, any mode of extricating his holiness from durance. There was a time when France and Austria, under the suggestion of England, were agreed in recommending the Pope to govern by a *consulta*, and to summon the notables, if not the deputies of the Roman States, to take part at least in the management of the provinces. But since those days France and Austria have both become strictly military governments, and of course they can only apply to Rome, or their other dependencies, the kind of rule which they employ and exercise at home. The pontiff therefore, a poor, penniless, powerless sovereign at home, yet in his spiritual character exercising great and fatal influences among distant populations, who have but a fabulous knowledge of his existence and none of his degradation, simply continues to be recognized as a sovereign by the grace of the French and the Austrian armies. But even this cannot last; military rule is subject to a thousand chances; and it appears to us, we must confess, that the annihilation of the popedom as a temporal power is one of the impending events soonest to be expected.

FATE OF MR. BATHURST.—Mr. Bathurst was designed for diplomacy; and advanced so rapidly in his profession, that at the age of twenty-five he was sent on a secret mission to Vienna, in 1809. On his return he vanished suddenly from the inn at Perleberg; and no inquiry, either by government or his family, or his wife, who had the continent thrown open to her by a passport from Napoleon himself (though the French government were not unsuspected in the matter), could ever elicit his fate. These are the principal substantiated facts, if anything really is substantiated. In spite of the remonstrances of his attendants, he had travelled all the way with his suite on the public road from Vienna. It was stated that on his arrival at Perleberg, he sat down to write in a small room, with papers scattered about him, and that he remained there for some hours, occupied in writing; he afterwards burnt several of his papers, and then went down to the inn yard (according to the account of Krouse, the messenger, who travelled in the same carriage with him, and was his constant attendant) for the purpose of ordering out the horses, to proceed on his journey. One account stated that Mr. Bathurst had been seen standing before the kitchen fire, in the midst of postillions, ostlers, &c., and carelessly pulling out his watch, and likewise his purse, containing a considerable sum of money, before those people, one or two of whom were suspected of

having taken an opportunity of hustling him away, and afterwards robbing and destroying him. The former account, given by Krouse, went on to say that Mr. Bathurst was seen by the ostler and others in the stable yard; but that, after waiting for him nearly an hour, his attendants began to make inquiries for him. He had, however, neither been seen nor heard of after that time, nor was he ever traced afterwards, notwithstanding the most indefatigable and diligent search. A pair of pantaloons or overalls belonging to him were brought to Krouse by an old woman, who said she had found them in a copse near the town, but they contained nothing excepting a letter to his wife, scribbled on a dirty scrap of paper, which was conveyed in safety to her. It contained a representation of the dangers to which he was exposed, in consequence of his being surrounded by enemies, and expressed great fears that he should never reach England, and that his ruin would be brought about by Count D'Entraignes and the Russians. It contained also a request to her not to marry again, in the event of his not returning. These, with a few words on other subjects, were scrawled in pencil, and were sent with the overalls to his wife, and were the last traces of him ever discovered. [These overalls were evidently placed in a wood on purpose to be found.—*Mr. Thistlethwaite's Memoirs of Bishop Bathurst.*]

The following statement, which appears to throw some light on the singular disappearance of Mr. Bathurst, appeared in the Berlin correspondence of *The Morning Chronicle* on the 20th August:—

“A North German paper, in speaking of the seizure of several individuals belonging to an extensive gang of robbers, forgers, housebreakers and supposed murderers, who have long infested Holstein and other parts of North Germany, says that one of these individuals, grown gray in crime, has thrown some light upon the mysterious disappearance of Colonel Bathurst, which some fifty years or more past created such a painful sensation, and was attributed to political causes. The journal states that the hoary malefactor has declared that the assault on Colonel Bathurst was perpetrated by individuals with whom he was connected, for the sole purpose of plunder. This is mentioned as a newspaper report, for the fidelity of which it is not possible to be responsible; but, as it appeared in several journals, the truth can be ascertained through the medium of some one of our legations at Northern Courts.”

From the Press.

EPITAPH

ON LORD ABERDEEN, FROM HOOD'S “BRIDGE OF SIGHS.”

SPEAK of him tenderly,
Gently, and humanly—
All that remains of him
Now is pure womanly.